

TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT.

Vol. 6, No. 40 { The Sheppard Publishing Co., Ltd., Proprietors.

Office—No. 9 Adelaide Street West.

TORONTO, AUGUST 26, 1893.

TERMS: Single Copies, 5c. Per Annum (in advance), \$2. Whole No. 300

Around Town.

Not a great many days ago, I am told, a man representing a United States trust with a capital of thirty-seven million dollars invested in factories and a staple product which should make the monopoly not only a solvent but a paying concern, came to Toronto to borrow two hundred thousand dollars to tide the company over the critical period caused by the lack of currency and the still greater lack of confidence in the United States. Our banks refused to lend him a cent, and, as my informant told me, the petitioner went away exceedingly sorrowful. When such a concern has to come to a foreign country to borrow two hundred thousand dollars we get an idea of what the pinch over there means. When our banks refuse security such as his and one per cent. a month, we may feel sure that preparations are being made lest we have a pinch here. With our money market in this condition, with much talk about the silver question and tariffs, emigration and canal policies, I have been interested more than a little in the prospects of money-making not only in Canada and the United States, but in the old lands across the sea. During the last three years and a half I have visited the Bahamas, Cuba, Mexico, every State of the American republic excepting five or six, and have been doing enough business in the old countries and have visited them often enough to get an idea of the direction of trade. This year I have got my first really comprehensive view of Canada, having been in every province except Prince Edward Island. I do not speak of it at all in a spirit of boasting, for anyone who can peddle or tramp can travel, but the result of it is that I have views with regard to money-getting and money-keeping, for I should like to get money myself and I should be very glad to have some to keep. It is not necessary, however, for a man to be a millionaire in order to understand money-making. Anyone who is observant should be permitted to have opinions, and those who have experience by stating the facts may offer much valuable information, even if their conclusions be, partially at least, incorrect.

During a time of peace wheat will never again be a dollar a bushel till the world is visited by such widespread fire, flood or grand and general convulsion of the elements that I doubt if it will matter to the people what is the price of food.

The farmers of Canada who remember the good times during the Russian war—followed of course by a ruinous collapse—have their memories stocked with dates indicating good years when the price of wheat ran up to two dollars. They sow wheat still, grumble at the weather and hope for a dollar a bushel. The price will never come back; even a European war would not bring it back. The next war will only last a few weeks; the mechanical appliances being perfected by the nations are such as would kill everybody in Europe in a fortnight if they could get the population within range of their engines of destruction.

Business men will probably remark that they felt for years that wheat would never get back to a dollar a bushel, but I believe that wheat is only one of the many things the price of which will never get back. Watered railway stocks such as have been tumbling about the ears of investors the new world over, will never come back. The farmer whose wheat has gone from a dollar down to fifty or sixty cents a bushel, is now in politics, particularly in the United States, and will have something to say about the cost of transportation. There are scores of paper millionaires and thousands of investors and tens of thousands of speculators looking for savings and new methods who will wait until their hair turns gray before stocks come back to high prices. Their day is past.

Silver will never come back. There was a time when silver was worth ninety-odd cents an ounce; now it is worth between fifty and sixty cents. Silver miners are hopeless in the United States of producing the metal profitably and the mines are being closed, but in the Kootenay district of British Columbia I feel certain, and everyone conversant with the facts feels certain, that silver can be produced at thirty cents an ounce, and heaps of it. If this be the case, why do the silver agitators endeavor to disturb the United States by fixing a silver standard enormously higher than the cost of production? When you mix silver and money you make the silver question difficult by importing the financial phase of it. If you mix money and wheat in the same proportion the wheat question becomes as difficult of solution. Wheat will never come back to a dollar a bushel; seventy-five cents will be a good price. Silver will never come back; it won't be many months before forty cents will be a good price for what is now contained in a Yankee silver dollar.

A few years ago in Canada three or four men with five or ten thousand dollars each sometimes got together and formed Loan and Savings societies. The man who put in the most money would be made manager and the next biggest investor cashier, and the smaller fry got situations according to their pile. While times were good they made money, but it is in good times that people get into debt; it is in hard times that they are asked to pay their debts and it is just about then that they find things flattening out. These loan companies making so much profit out of their small capital and the investment of the money of

depositors, were encouraged to borrow enormous sums in the old countries on debentures which had as their security the mortgages which were the original securities of the shareholders and depositors. It is quite possible that some of these debentures are now coming due. The loans can be renewed if the securities have not shrunk. No one in Canada can say that either farm lands or city properties have held their own, and to day these loan societies are the landlords of more properties than the public are generally aware of. It is these companies that must be careful how they squeeze their clients or they will in turn get squeezed so badly that they may have to go to the wall.

Canadian banks are all right, but perhaps the loan companies are our weakest spots. Investors, if I may be permitted to prophesy, will not seek this particular class of security for a good many years to come. Bank stocks may be a good investment, but there is a double liability, and we are not suffering from having too few banks, so I may safely predict after the examples so recently seen in the United States that stocks in financial institutions will not soon come back.

Years ago wherever there was a little water fall there was a mill; nowadays the mill is in ruins and nothing but a decayed dam and a leaky flume indicates the spot where the farmers used to bring their grain and get their flour. The mills, the foundries, the machine shops, the manufacturing places will cluster around the center of trade, yet there is no reason why water power, which has been neglected since the mill decayed, should not be utilized.

Electricity has re-created the world, and this power will be conveyed by electricity to the point where it can be most advantageously used; it is now cheaper to convey the power than to handle goods at out-of-the-way points. For instance, there is a fall in the Assiniboine near Winnipeg. The men who purchase the property adjacent to this, dam the river and manufacture electrical power to run the street cars, and electric lights and the machine shops of the Prairie City will ultimately make a fortune. Yet the men who should do this are probably speculating in stocks and entangling themselves with a thousand and one uncertain ventures.

It is wonderful how men who live right on

must be fed to hogs. Now that grain is shipped to Ontario, fed to pigs here, and the pork is packed and sent back to the country from which the grain came, a waste of two haulages. There is no doubt that the pork will be packed in the West; there is no doubt that raising pork will be a profitable investment, for it is as nearly as gold a staple; it is the concentrated essence of what people live on and consequently is liable to the minimum charges for haulage. Butter is another essence of human necessity; so is cheese. It will be made where grass is most plentiful and will be shipped to and used in centers of population where grass is most expensive; consequently such products are safe to handle. Canned fruits, canned fish, canned meats, carry the minimum expenditure on freight, and transportation to-day makes possible or impossible all local lines of industry.

I have suggested enough lines to indicate my thought, and that is that for the minimum freight we must produce the article of maximum value. We can trade in these staples with a profit. The horse in value is the maximum product of the soil; the steer is next; the sheep, the pig, and the products of these ani-

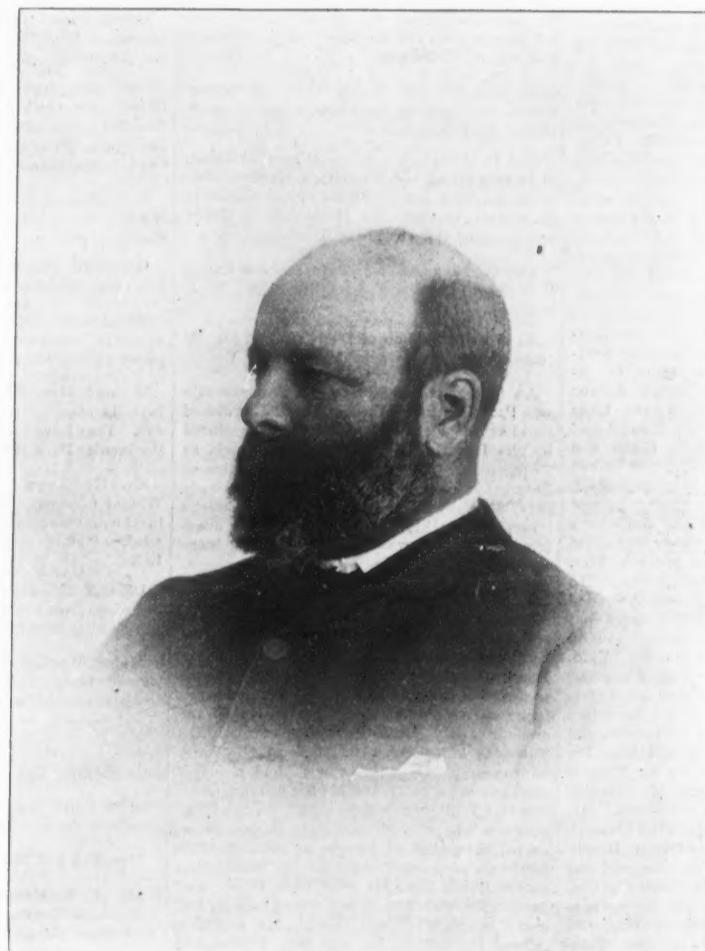
mal applications for positions as farmers in Western Canada; make enquiries into the habits and trustworthiness of the person; ship them to Canada and place them on the farms supply them with implements stamped with the Government's mark and make it a criminal offence for anybody to buy or sell these implements; have superintendents to instruct and supervise such farmers; make the money advanced to them the first charge on their farms, furniture and profits; do business, in fact, as business men do it, with an idea of filling up the country. Every decent farmer from Iceland, Finland, Norway, would be an emigration agent if the opening years of his experience in Canada be made reasonably safe, comfortable and profitable, which would furnish him with a text upon which thousands of sermons would be preached to the farmer back at home.

What we must not forget is that the world is being re-created; old things are passing away. Street railway fare some day will be two cents instead of four or five. In Winnipeg to-day you can buy twelve tickets for a quarter on the horse cars. Railway fares will be cheaper. All things must come down, and gold itself would come down if it were not the standard of value. Even if it were discovered in enormous quantities and mined at such astonishingly cheap rates as silver can be mined nowadays, it would remain the standard and would regulate values. We must not forget in our calculations that old standards of value, except the one of gold always regulating values, have ceased to be useful, that as standards they are no longer in existence.

I intend to finish this subject next week as further space is denied me to at present further apply these facts to existing conditions.

I should be sorry to have the week's comments close, lengthy as they are, without remarking the personal courage and self-sacrifice of Professor William Clark of Trinity College. On Monday night he spoke at a pro-street car meeting, when I am quite sure that every fibre in his body revolted against the noise and disturbance which were being made by hoodlums and fanatics. In his short address he gave us reasons that are so many that I would commend them to the thousands of influential people who stayed at home and did nothing, though sympathizing with the cause. Professor Clark told us that he sympathized with the cause and felt that he would be a coward unless he came out and made his share of the fight. I have heard a dozen men say that they were talking against Sunday cars, but would quietly vote for them and most certainly ride on them. It is that kind of a man who is a disgrace to our sex and to the mothers from whom we come. They are examples of a generation of hypocrites and sneaks which is being produced by this goody-goody business. What Canada cannot afford to rear in this class of white-livered and faint-hearted time-server who wants to run with the hare and win with the hounds. First of all, an elector should decide whether he wants to be a man or a mouse. What he thinks is what he should say. If he is wrong he will be corrected and will have some chance to be educated, but if he pretends to think that which he does not think no one will take the pains to investigate him or put him right, and he becomes that meanest of all things that wears a man's clothes, a slink. At any rate, let Canadians be men. Courage and those magnificent attributes which go to make up a nation are not always brought out by battles or the shedding of blood. The ballot has more to do with proving their worth as citizens. What they say and how they act, the old scriptural idea of "daily walk and conversation" is the standard by which we must judge people. I can sympathize with a man of Prof. Clark's attainments, prominence and sense of duty to the extent at least of regretful feeling when in his capacity as a man he feels he must come out and address an audience where neither good temper nor good manners could be relied upon. He did it nobly and stands to-day as an example for some of the creeping and pusillanimous people who had much less to lose and much less refined feeling to be hurt than he had. If in our university and in those institutions where we educate our youth we insisted more upon similar high-mindedness and perfect manliness, our boys would be better brought up. Such men as Prof. Clark are invaluable in a community; we have too few of them.

The other night I had occasion to go over the Belt Line for a short trip, and coming home at twenty minutes to nine I noticed just ten babies in arms on the two cars, all apparently carried by mothers who were out for the purpose of putting their babies to sleep. The ten were asleep, and I noticed the mothers drop off at the various residential streets. It struck me as being a very pretty sight. Some of the mothers could not have been over eighteen or twenty years old, and the mother's mother was along to the extent of four or five. As a rock-a-bye place, as a lullaby institution, the street railway never impressed me previously, and though the question of street cars will be settled before what I have to say gets to the majority of my readers, it seems to me that the motion and the swiftly moving current of air and the restfulness of going without effort are something desired by those into whose life toll intrudes itself. Up in Winnipeg they have a brass band on a street car at night to induce people to take a trip out to a park, and in hot weather I observed that it was the fashion



W. B. SCARTH.
Manitoba's Favorite Candidate for Lieut.-Governor of that Province.

Hard times may encourage investors to seek to place small loans with big security. Those who must borrow money at any price cannot always offer very big security. In hard times it is difficult to find unencumbered property, and there is truth in the prediction that successful usury is not likely to come back very soon for reasons that hundreds of abandoned second-mortgages will make plain.

We often wonder why old country investors will snap up such wild-cat schemes as are offered them. Is it not because we do not appreciate how, after the newness wears off a country, it becomes hard to find secure and paying investments? Experience in real estate speculations in Toronto and Winnipeg, for instance, shows how eager people are to make excessive profits and what chances they are willing to take.

A general suspicion of joint stock companies, mining and manufacturing enterprises, made Canadian money owners over-careful to keep their cash out of really legitimate enterprises. But all other avenues having been more or less closed, and the "safest" investments having been found unsafe, I believe that schemes offering investors reasonable profit and having in view the production of necessary articles, are about to be sought and that consequently an era of prosperity will set in such as Canada has never seen.

Village manufacturing is played out. I can remember when every cross-road village had a carriage and wagon factory, every small town an agricultural implement factory, every county town a foundry. Such places can only exist nowadays as repair shops; manufacturing has taken on a larger phase. The big cities are absorbing the factories. The little town factory will never come back!

the ground fail to see the chances which are offered to them. Toronto could make itself great and its moneyed men could make themselves millionaires by bringing water down from Lake Simcoe and creating no end of power, but because it is so simple a scheme and one waiting at their own doors they refuse to interest themselves in it.

Everything afar off is attractive. People somehow have no belief in their own locality. This is the fault of a village; it is not the sized understanding which makes a millionaire. When the street car franchise of Toronto was for sale, outsiders bought it; local men, with the exception of George Kiely, one of the former owners, seemed to have no faith in the future of the city or the profitableness of the enterprise. Now it is seen to be a good thing, and the owners of the road are railed at as monopolists! So it is with everything we have; the local man looks afar for his investments. Again I say, this is village financing; its days are numbered in Canada.

The local men who utilize local power—for nowadays power is everything—will make money. The men who utilize the timber of this country and make special lines of furniture will make money. The man who goes up into the hard-wood forests of New Brunswick and Nova Scotia and makes rough hubs, spokes and felloes, and ships them, will make money. We do not need to do the artistic part of the work here; that will develop. Put up the material so as to reduce the freight to a minimum and ship it, then the patterns and styles of the lands to which the output goes will be impressed on our crude manufactures.

Pork packing will be a great business in the North-West because there will always be more or less coarse or frosted grain which

comes nearest to what can be produced at the remotest point and shipped with least expense to the most central point.

Railroads and transportation companies must share the decline in values, consequently stocks must be effected; but those who first embark their fortunes in the preparation of any condensed and staple article will be most successful.

The thing that is produced in a locality and utilized there or in the neighborhood of its place of origin, must necessarily, if well managed, be a safe enterprise. Breweries and distilleries are making money in the West because they handle a condensed article. A long haulage of coarse stuff consumes the value and makes profitless the task of producing them.

In a country so large as Canada, freights mean almost everything: The manufacturing of our materials, the condensing of them in fact, is everything. But nothing is so important as the acquiring of a population to consume in large centers the coarse products of the farming community. In short, we need the people, and there must be an emigration policy different to anything hereto fore adopted in Canada or we shall for many years lack the consumers so necessary to the prosperity of a country.

Why not apply business principles to the procuring of people to fill the billions of vacant acres waiting for the husbandman? We have had millions of dollars spent on public works; why not spend millions of dollars on public servants who will be directly and indirectly useful to the producers of Canada? Why not have reliable emigration agents visit the foreign countries lying in the northern zone ob-

when too warm to be comfortable anywhere else, to get on the belt line and go around. It seems to me that this is a quiet argument in favor of Sunday cars as a restful institution. What we want is motion, exhilaration, and we can get it only by moving more rapidly than a pedestrian can move. As most of us cannot afford a horse, and of course horseback exercise is best, a street car comes next. The trip around the Belt Line has not yet been exploited as thoroughly as it will be. As a little change from the dullness of home, as a nice little experience after dinner and as a make-sleep for the baby, it must be a success. As I looked over the little mothers with their babies in their arms, I felt sorry for them and at the same time proud of them. They are having a hard enough experience the good Lord only knows, and yet it brings into their lives the completeness of womanhood, the tender and ennobling joy of maternity, and the sweetness that never comes into a woman's life except through the gentle touch of a baby's fingers. Anything that makes it easier for them and all opportunities to get out of the poor and hard rut of toilsome housekeeping and the worries of nursing, should be appreciated. I am not stating these things as an argument for street cars, but the subject has suggested the thought and I think that it will appeal to a great many. And, by the way, the babies were very prettily attired. With those little, fluffy, woolly things around them, they looked like little balls of thistledown almost. What labors of love on the little garments! Those who watch these things will find in them many lessons of what is beautiful in life.

Fresh Air Fund:	
Previously acknowledged.....	\$ 74 30
Children's Fancy Dress Ball at Niagara.	31 50
Total.....	8106 80
DON.	

Social and Personal.

The event of the week has been the English Military Tournament at the Baseball grounds, Toronto has turned out lock, stock and barrel to witness the parade and performance of a handful of representative British soldiers, who bring with them the very indisputable flavor of English military men. One admires awestruck by the natty and trim trooper of Lancers, with their picturesque headgear and graceful, soldierly carriage, and Captain Gordon and Lieutenant Rawson Turner evoked many a cheer from the enthusiastic multitude as they dashed across the field in the tent-pegs contest. The gallant Lieutenant is the possessor of a wonderfully stentorian voice, which reaches half across the lake when he makes announcement of the various events. Others in the throng of spectators, who fill the grand stand from sod to shingles, pack the paddock, overflow the top of the fences, and cluster on the neighboring roofs, give the palm to the comical twelve who hamper off each other's top-knots of pink and yellow paper with the unutterable single sticks. The small boys are to a unit devoted to the veiled and padded heroes of the Balalaika mèlée. It is a sight to watch the grand stand during this performance. When a very well aimed thwack wipes off the last vestige of fluttering streamers from the skull of some doughty champion, there falls on the startled air a shout of laughter and five thousand mouths are stretched in a hearty and whole-some grin. The "bleacher," as the open stand is facetiously nicknamed, holds as many and outspoken a crowd as ever assembled on any pinewood scaffolding. The last parade is given by the Life Guards, in their well known scarlet tunics and cuirasses, with the graceful floating white horse-hair plumes on the shining helmets, and the very business-like sabres flashing in the sunlight. This event captures most of the applause from those who have seen the Guards in the Mother Country. The men sit their horses in a way to be remembered, and their fine physique and bearing are good to look at. "Jumbo" Evans, the life-saving hero of the Chicago holocaust, is a splendid-looking fellow. The horses are perfectly trained, and the musical ride, when the intelligent animals change from trot to canter and back, according to the music of the band, is alone worth going out east to see. A Highland parade brings out the Black Watch in their fine bayonet drill, and the Royal Grenadiers are also on evidence in a mimic engagement. As I predicted last week, the tournament is highly educational as well as interesting and amusing. It is almost impossible to say who was there. It would be easier to tell the names of those who were not present. The Government House party attended on Monday afternoon and on Wednesday evening. Mrs. Kirkpatrick, who has a gracious word and a lovely smile for all, received the officers, who were presented to her after the performance on Wednesday evening, and said a pleasant word of appreciation of the exhibition. In the reserved box on Monday were: The Lieutenant-Governor and Mrs. Kirkpatrick, Sir Casimir and Lady Gzowski, General and Mrs. Sandham, Mrs. and Miss Meyrick Banke, Mr. and Mrs. Percy Ridout, Colonel and Mrs. Davidson, Colonel R. B. Hamilton, Mrs. Dawson, Captain and Mrs. Pellatt, Captain and Mrs. Murray, Captain Kirkpatrick, Mrs. Denison, and several others. On the paddock were many well known gentlemen, stylish gowns and pretty wearers, among whom I remarked: Mr. and Mrs. Lount, Mr. and Mrs. James, the Misses James, Mrs. Evelyn Denison, Mrs. F. C. Moffatt, Mrs. Hogaboom, Colonel and Mrs. G. T. Denison, the Misses Milligan, Miss Montgomery, Mr. and Mrs. Graeet, Mrs. Boyce Thompson, Mr. and Mrs. R. J. Tackberry, Mr. and Mrs. Piper, Mrs. and Miss Lee, Mrs. Rawson Turner, Mr. Thornton, Miss Macdonald, Miss Hagarty, Mrs. McMillan, Dr. and Mrs. Pyne, Mrs. Irving Cameron and party, Mr. and Mrs. Lockie and Miss Maynard. Some very chic gowns were worn and the strangers were very favorably impressed with the attractions of our sweet Toronto ladies. I should like them to see the assemblage on the Woodbine paddock in Race Week, for on account of the absence of so many at the summer resorts our galaxy of handsome women was by no means complete. A cynosure of diamonds in eighteen-karat gold settings.

many eyes was dear little Paddy, the intelligent and good-tempered fox terrier who takes his seat on the drum before the Zulu charge on Rourke's Drift. Paddy pays no attention to the Infantry, but as soon as the Guards trot out, his little body quivers with excitement, his small voice is raised in eager yaps and whines, and when he is set free from his chain he tears after the charging horses like a streak of lightning. He watches for L'utenant Turner, to whom he specially owes allegiance, and it is not necessary to follow the movements of the officer, but if one wishes to ascertain his whereabouts, look at Paddy's nose. It is the surest indication and points as truly as the magnet to the polar star. Five thousand dollars was offered and refused in Chicago for this dear doggie, who is having his portrait painted by Mr. W. A. Sherwood at this present moment. Toronto people are showing their appreciation of the enterprise of Mr. Suckling and the brave backing of Captain Pellatt, by turning out in thousands to see the British soldiers. The band is delightful and has the true ring of the Guards' music. On Wednesday evening they played The Maple Leaf in most sweet and happy cadence, and evoked wild enthusiasm among the spectators. The venerable president of the Army and Navy Veterans, Mr. Alex. Muir, composer of Canada's patriotic song, occupied a place of honor in the reserved box and listened smilingly to the graceful compliment paid by the band. Among others in the box I noticed: Mrs. Murray, Mrs. Pellatt, the Misses Drynan, Messrs. Stair Dick Lauder, George Torrance, Charles Bennett, J. Herbert Mason, Captain Kirkpatrick, Capt. Murray, and others. A great many visitors have come to the tournament from Hamilton, St. Catharines and other neighboring towns and cities.

A very bright and interested crowd of fashionables were *en attendance* at the 48th Highlanders' games on Saturday last. The beautiful Rosedale grounds were green and fresh, the weather perfect, and the Kilties, like gorgeous tropical bouquets scattered over the green sward, did themselves credit, both in appearance and action. Handsome Captain Hendrie from Hamilton, in his perfectly appointed dark tartan uniform, was a goodly sight for all the admiring ladies. Our own Colonel Davidson and Major Cosby were bravely attired in the regimental kilts; Captain Robertson, who directed the muscular efforts of the Kilties in the tug of war, looked, as usual, to the manor born, but not a bit more soldierly than the natty captain of the opposing team, Captain Andy Irving of the Grenadiers. A great many strangers were present, among others, Sir Donald Fitzroy McLean, who was with Mr. Allan McLean Howard, his host, and a party of ladies. A very striking figure was Mr. Mackenzie of Hamilton, whose martial white mustache and innumerable medals were noticeable. The Lieutenant-Governor, Mrs. Kirkpatrick and Captain Arthur Kirkpatrick occupied seats on the front east corner of the reserve, with Colonel and Mrs. Davidson, Major and Mrs. Cosby and Mrs. John Cawthra. Mrs. Kirkpatrick looked extremely well in shrimp pink silk under black lace with a pretty *chapeau* of black lace and a shrimp pink carnations. Mrs. Davidson's gown was a matin in delicate gray, with hat and gloves to match and white parasol. Mrs. John Cawthra wore black and white, with guipure of white lace and jet and brocade sleeves. Mrs. Cosby was in white serge and looked very proud of her handsome husband and natty young son. Mr. and Mrs. Wyld, Mrs. Campbell Macdonald, in a quiet gown of terra cotta under black lace; Colonel and Mrs. G. T. Denison, Mrs. Denison in a summer gown and hat of petunia and white; Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Beatty, the Misses Beatty, Dr. Strange, Colonel R. B. Hamilton, Mr. Charles Gooderham, Miss Gooderham, Mr. George Gooderham, Dr. and Mrs. Baldwin, Mr. E. N. Baldwin, Mr. and Mrs. Albert Stovell, Mr. Brock, Mrs. and Miss Hendrie of Hamilton, Mr. and Mrs. H. K. Merritt, Mr. and the Misses Nairn, Mr. and Mrs. Hamilton Cassells, and a host of other well known personages were present. The Lieutenant-Governor presented the trophy won by the Highlanders in the tug of war, and paid the stalwart team some pretty compliments on their achievement. The pipes were very much *en evidence* and the costume dancers were both graceful and good-looking.

Mrs. M. A. Thomas of Carlton street is the guest of Mr. and Mrs. E. S. Piper at their cottage at Stony Lake.

Mr. C. F. Piper has returned home after a prolonged visit in Chicago, *en route* from Ann Arbor University, where he has been for the last year.

Miss Florence Wangman of Rochester, N. Y., is the guest of Mrs. Chas. Douairs, Carlton street.

Mr. E. H. Elliott of Mutual street returned on Friday of last week from a trip down the St. Lawrence.

Miss A. Dewey of Surbiton, Surrey, England, arrived by the Sardinian on August 13, and is now visiting her brother, Mr. G. B. Dewey of Carlton street.

Miss Fannie Port of Jarvis street is visiting Miss Madge Robertson, M.A., at Collingwood.

Cards are out for the marriage of Miss May Overton of Buffalo, who has been for some days visiting Mrs. Richardson and Mrs. Stewart, left on Monday for home.

Drs. O. H. Ziegler and Thos. Henderson, dentists, of Toronto, and C. H. Ziegler of London, left Owen Sound on the City of Collingwood on August 12, to attend the two weeks' Dental Congress of the World's Fair.

The Toronto Bicycle Club have for the twelfth time made arrangements for giving our citizens an afternoon of first class sport. Through the efforts of this club the greatest riders in the country have been from time to time induced to compete. This year is to be no exception in interest, as the English champion, Omond, has promised to be on hand; besides, such flyers as Taylor, Dirlberger, Bliss, Githens, Ballard, Johnson and Rhodes have also sent in their entries, as also our best local talent, champion Hyslop, Harbottle, Robertson, Carman, etc. The prizes are this year probably intrinsically of greater value than have ever been offered in a sporting event in Canada, being composed altogether of diamonds in eighteen-karat gold settings.

The stones are guaranteed by Messrs. Ryrie Bros., who supplied them, to be perfect and without flaw.

One of the most delightful summer dances yet given on the Island was that given by the summer residents of Coney Creek at the Aquatic Club rooms on Friday evening of last week. The hostesses, Mrs. D. Birchall, Mrs. Jack Boyd, and Miss Vivian, received their guests in very dainty costumes and helped by their charming manners to make the dance a success it was. Among those present were: Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Beatty, Mr. and Mrs. Hume Brown, Mr. and Mrs. Birchall, Mr. and Mrs. Jack Boyd, Mr. and Mrs. Holland, Mr. and Mrs. Will G. Brown, Mr. and Mrs. Charlie L. Lugsdin, Mr. and Mrs. H. Patterson, Mr. and Mrs. Jones, Mr. and Mrs. Christie, Mr. Varey, Miss and Miss Louie Chadwick, Mr. and Miss Cowan, Miss Tena Hughes, Mr. and Mrs. Sewell, Mr. Mrs. and Miss Jones, Miss Cassells, Mr. and Miss Pemberton, the Misses Parsons, Mr. Percy and Miss Rodgers, Mr. and Miss Preston, Mr. Norman Macrae, Mr. D. H. and Miss Sheila MacDougal, Miss Blanche Vivian, Mr. and Mrs. Norrie, Mr. Claude Norrie, Mr. B. Travers Britt of Detroit, Miss Dunn of New York, Miss Nellie Roiphe, Miss Crusoe of Cobourg, and Messrs. George Van Koughnet, E. A. Lowndes, Gates, Ramsden, Britt, Ritchie, C. C. Smith, J. Evans, A. L. Eastmuir, E. N. Jarvis, H. L. Parsons, N. Hellwell, Hector Reid, and Percy Beatty.

Mr. W. B. Taylor has gone to the World's Fair.

Miss Beck Humphrey of 417 Church street is paying an extended visit to Mrs. Dr. Wild of Bronte.

The Misses McMillan of Strachan avenue gave a delightful euchre party on Friday evening of last week. Among those present were: Misses Wason, White, Hills, McCaug, Conigalton of Guelph and Quigley of Chicago, and Messrs. Snyder, Lugman, Hills, McConnell, McBurney, Millar, Quigley, White, Meek and Mr. and the Misses McMillan. The successful prize winners were Miss Maggie Wason and Mr. W. G. Quigley.

Mr. and Mrs. H. F. Sharpe of Markham street are spending their holidays at Prospect House, Port Sandfield.

Mrs. P. McMahon and the Misses McMahon of D'Arcy street and Mrs. Mark Keily of Jarvis street have gone for a month's vacation to St. Anne's, Quebec. Mr. Herbert D. A. Keily accompanied them as far as Kingston.

Miss Corkney and her daughter, Miss Emma Corkney, of Peterboro', are visiting Mrs. M. J. McGilles.

Mr. Jack McMahon of D'Arcy street has returned after a two weeks' visit to New York.

An interesting visitor to Toronto recently was Prof. Politzer of Vienna, the distinguished aural surgeon. He is the delegate appointed by the Imperial Government of Austria as representative to the Medical Convention at Chicago. Professor Politzer was charmingly entertained by Dr. and Mrs. Palmer of College street during his visit. On Monday evening a reception was given at which a large number of Toronto medical men were present, and a delightful evening was spent.

Quite a jolly little colony of cottagers who seem to have a good many pleasant events on hand every week, are to be found at Kew Beach. Bonfire parties and suppers are the favorite pastimes of this happy little *coterie*, and it is a lucky individual who has the *entrée* to the circle at this eastern summer retreat. On Thursday of last week the choir of the Sherristown street Methodist church had a lovely time at a lawn party and bonfire reunion afterwards. A dainty supper was served. The previous Thursday Mr. and Mrs. Revell entertained a number of friends on Mrs. Revell's birthday. Among those who are rustinating on the Beach are: Mr. and Mrs. Oliver and family, Mr. and Mrs. Woolley and family, Mr. and Mrs. Marshall and family, Mr. and Mrs. Adams and family, Mr. and Mrs. Massey and family, Mr. and Mrs. Lumsden and family. Mrs. Revell has Misses Dixon, Hollingsworth and Race visiting her, and the Messrs. Revell are also home for the holidays. On Wednesday of last week a delightful garden party was held at Dunn's Grove, which was very largely attended.

Mrs. and Miss Chopitea have returned from the seaside.

Mr. and Mrs. Lount are staying at the Arlington, on their return from their wedding tour. They will travel shortly for a season, until Mr. Lount's house on St. George street, now occupied by Col. Pope, is made ready for their occupancy, when another charming hostess will be added to the list of St. George street matrons.

Mr. and Mrs. George Shaw of 496 Ontario street have returned from their holiday in the Eastern Provinces.

Dr. and Mrs. Meisberger of Buffalo were the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Richardson of 198 Carlton street for a short visit.

Miss Overton of Buffalo, who has been for some days visiting Mrs. Richardson and Mrs. Stewart, left on Monday for home.

Drs. O. H. Ziegler and Thos. Henderson, dentists, of Toronto, and C. H. Ziegler of London, left Owen Sound on the City of Collingwood on August 12, to attend the two weeks' Dental Congress of the World's Fair.

The *Scottish Leader* of August 4 announces that Dr. Charles J. Taylor of 30 Spadina avenue is admitted licenciate of the Royal College of Physicians, Edinburgh, receiving the degrees of M.R.C.P. and L.M. of Edinburgh.

Mrs. Wagner has returned to Mimico after a visit of some weeks to her parents, Major and Mrs. Bennett.

Misses A. and F. Morrison of Stamford have been visiting Miss McLeod of Maplewood place.

Miss E. Kilby and Master George Macdonald

of Ottawa are in the city, the guests of Mrs. T. H. Hodgins of Robert street.

Miss Ethel Tyner has returned to her Island home after a lengthy visit to her uncle, Rev. M. Knowles of Pembroke.

Rev. Arthur H. Baldwin, M.A., pastor of All Saints, arrived at Victoria, B.C., on Tuesday of last week.

Rev. Prof. Clark will preach on Sunday morning next at St. James' Cathedral and Rev. Arthur Manning, curate, in the evening.

Mr. J. G. Kennyn, M.A., of '75, a graduate of Varsity, has been appointed to the modern language mastership at Trinity College school, Port Hope.

Dr. Charles A. Temple of '91, a distinguished graduate of Trinity, formerly resident house surgeon of the Toronto General Hospital, and late surgeon of the C.P.R. steamer Empress of Japan, is practicing his profession at 315 Spadina avenue.

Miss V. Langmuir of Parkdale has returned to town. She has been spending the vacation at Peninsular Park Hotel, Lake Simcoe.

Rev. A. J. Reid, M.A., formerly curate of St. Luke's, is in the city.

Mr. W. F. Chapman, School Inspector, has returned from the World's Fair.

Rev. T. R. S. and Mrs. Boyd have returned to town and taken up their residence at 417 Ontario street.

Mr. Leighton McCarthy spent some days last week at Peninsular Park Hotel, Lake Simcoe.

Mr. John Falconbridge, son of Hon. Justice Falconbridge, has returned to the city from Georgian Bay.

Miss Johnston, late teacher in Bishop Strachan School, is visiting in town.

Mr. Reginald Temple of DeGrassi Point, Lake Simcoe, visited the military tournament last Thursday.

"A" troop Royal Canadian Dragoons, transferred from Quebec to Toronto, arrived last Tuesday. The troop is composed of fifty men and three officers, viz., Lieut.-Col. Turnbull, Capt. Lessard, and Lieut. Forrester.

Mrs. Dickson of Tutherford, N. J., is visiting her sister, Mrs. Charles Thompson of 173 College street.

Miss Julia Thompson of 173 College street has returned from a visit to Rutherford, N. J.

Miss Phemie Smith of 311 Jarvis street gave a lovely luncheon party on Wednesday in honor of Miss Palmer of Brooklyn, N. Y.

Mr. and Mrs. Reid and Miss May Reid, of Isabella street, returned to the city on Thursday. They have been spending some time at Peninsular Park Hotel, Big Bay Point.

Mr. Richmond Wright, son of Dr. Adam Wright of Gerrard street, took a leading part in the amateur minstrel's entertainment last week at Hotel Chautauqua, Niagara-on-the-Lake.

Dr. and Mrs. Macdonald and family, of Simcoe street, are spending the summer at their pretty cottage at DeGrassi Point, Lake Simcoe.

Major Manley, Royal Grenadiers, has returned from Muskoka. The gallant major looks much the better for his outing.

Mr. W. H. Nightingale, B.A., of Trinity College school, Port Hope, and Mr. G. Osler, left this week for Chicago.

Miss Edith Stanway of Isabella street is spending the summer at Long Branch.

Mrs. Beaty of Barrie is visiting in the city.

Mr. A. B. Cunningham, captain of the Osgoode Hall seven and fifteen, is spending his vacation at Kingston.

Messrs. James, Louis and John Bain of Wellesley street have returned to town from Little Metis, Que.

Second Lieutenant F. W. Hunter of the 31st Battalion of Grey, and captain of the Upper Canada College cadets, is qualifying at the New Fort.

Mr. and Mrs. T. J. MacIntyre, the Misses Richardson and Miss Lampert have returned from Muskoka after spending some weeks

Continued on Page Eleven.

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Driving & Traveling Gloves

R. & G. CORSETS P. & D.

Millinery and Dressmaking

August 26, 1893

TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT.

3

Out of Town.

Ottawa.

Mr. Charles L. Panet of the House of Commons staff spent a few days last week at the Windsor in Montreal.

Mr. and Mrs. W. H. A. Fraser of Westmount spent a few days in the city last week.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Goodeve of 336 Somerset street have returned home, feeling ever so much better for their summer's outing.

Miss Flora Merrifield is visiting her sister, Mrs. J. Kerr, at Leitram, Ont.

Lieut.-Col. Irvine is spending his holidays with his family at Cacouna.

Rev. Mr. Jordan of Strathroy, Ont., preached in Knox church at both services on Sunday.

Miss Katie Smith is visiting Miss Corley of St. Alexander street, Montreal.

Miss Katie Caldwell is visiting in Montreal, the guest of Miss Underwood of St. Catherine street.

Hon. Mr. Peter White, Speaker of the House of Commons, spent Saturday in the city.

Mrs. George H. Perley is visiting in Berlin, Ont., as the guest of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Ward Bowby of Bow Hill.

The following ladies and gentlemen of Ottawa are rustinating at Union Park, Butternut Bay: Mrs. Sladen, Miss Clark, Miss Powell, Miss Clements, Mr. Grant, Mr. Bennett and Mr. and Mrs. Pittaway.

Mrs. F. C. Clemow of 575 Maria street is visiting her father, Mr. J. C. Flitch, Jarvis street, Toronto.

Mr. and Mrs. Harry Corby, E. M. Thompson and Mrs. Thompson, the Misses Corby and Thompson of the steam yacht Omerta, were at the Electric park on Friday evening with Mr. Fred Carling.

Dr. W. H. Montague, M. P., of Dunnville, Ont., was in town on Saturday on Department business.

Mr. and Mrs. F. A. McCord of 450 Wilbrod street are spending a few weeks at Grand Narrows, Cape Breton.

Mr. and Mrs. Walter Todd have gone up to Toronto for a couple of weeks' visit.

We are anxiously awaiting the arrival of Lord and Lady Aberdeen to enliven our city and drive away the stagnancy into which we have fallen in the last couple of months. A would-be-high-up-in-society woman was heard to remark in a few parting words to Lady Stanley: "I do not know what we will do without you, dear Lady Stanley, and just to think those horrid Aberdeens are coming!" We are waiting to see the selfsame woman push herself forward and be the first to welcome the new Governor-General and Lady Aberdeen and kiss the ground under their feet before they are in the city a week. This sort of toadism is one of the great and most disgusting drawbacks to the society of the capital.

Miss May McCullough, with her pleasant smile, is to be seen once more on Sparks street, having returned from her summer vacation.

Mr. F. C. Smythe, Mus. Bac., of 229 Lisgar street, spent a few days in Montreal last week.

Rev. J. B. Sae of St. John, N. B., preached at both services at the Congregational church on Sunday.

Rev. R. E. Knowles has returned from his holiday trip.

Miss Nellie Agret is visiting friends in Arnprior.

Mr. and Mrs. W. D. McDonald of 85 Florence street have returned from a pleasant holiday up the Rideau Lake.

Hon. Mr. J. C. Patterson was in town for a few days last week, and left on Saturday to join his family again in Goderich, Oat.

Rev. J. Wilson, B. A., of Aylmer, Que., preached in the Dominion Methodist church on Sunday.

Lieut. T. Cooper Boville of the 43rd Rifles, who was so successful at Bisley, returned home on Saturday, being one of the passengers by the steamship Labrador.

Rev. Mr. Mackay closed his interesting sermon on Sunday morning in St. John's church by saying a few most beautiful and heartfelt words in memory of the late Mrs. Hinshaw, who was a most painstaking and faithful church worker.

Hon. Mr. John Costigan left last week to visit the World's Fair.

The city hotels are great places for gossip and story telling. One of our Ottawa belles, who was left evidently for the first time to keep house, while her mother was away, had occasion to visit the butcher's, in fact, do the marketing (I admit it is very bad form for any young lady to know anything about such matters as housekeeping). The lady in question wished to purchase a chicken and some sausages. After buying the fowl, which, by the way, she did not see, she asked the butcher, "How do you sell the sausages? By the string, I suppose. Well, I will just take a string of them." My informant assures me that the lady tells the story herself.

Mr. Marcus Smith, Mr. Hugh Fleming, Mr. W. S. MacClayton, Mr. David Gamble, Mr. Workman and Dr. Lagan are guests at Caledonia Springs.

The many friends of Mr. T. C. Kefer will be pleased to hear that he is fast recovering from his illness and will shortly be around again.

Mrs. Thomas White, Miss White and Miss J. M. White are enjoying themselves at Knowlton.

Archdeacon Lauder, Messrs. M. M. Stewart, C. A. Elliott, Mrs. Joseph Pope and Miss Austin are at Cacouna.

Mr. R. A. Haycock had his boat slightly damaged on Saturday last at the A. C. A. camp, where he is spending his holidays. He was run down by a Kingston boat.

Miss Alice Arlett is visiting Miss Underwood of St. Catherine street, Montreal.

Sir James Grant passed through Montreal on his way to Boston on Sunday.

Messrs. C. Pope, A. Gobell and Miss Chambers were registered in Montreal in the early part of the week.

Sir A. P. Caron has gone to the Lake St. John district on a fishing expedition with Mr. Turcotte, M.P.

Lieut.-Col. Fred Denison, M.F., C.M.G., of Toronto, commander of the Bisley team, arrived in the city on Saturday and remained here a couple of days on his way home.

The resignation of Rev. J. M. Cameron as pastor of Oak street Presbyterian church, Toronto, is a grand chance for the congrega-

tion of Knox church here to secure a splendid man to fill the vacant pulpit in Knox church.

The military ball to be given in the Russell House on Friday, September 1, during the S.R.A. matches, promises to be one of the best of the season.

Major-General Herbert is evidently falling into disfavor, as I heard it said yesterday that his recall to England would be a godsend to the militia.

Rumor has it that a young lawyer of Ottawa East will join the benedict.

Sheriff Sweetland and family have returned from a pleasant holiday at St. Andrew's, N.B.

Mr. J. Barry of Toronto is visiting his parents in the city.

SCRIBE.

Niagara-on-the-Lake.

Nothing could have been more delightful or a more complete success than Mrs. Charles Hart's Home last Tuesday evening. Fashion, beauty and wealth were all there, and right royally were the assembled guests entertained by their charming and popular host and hostess.

The interior of the house, which was only recently finished, presented a picture of combined comfort and luxury; showing in every detail the most perfect taste, and everywhere huge bowls of flowers made the air sweet with their fragrance. The supper table in the dining-room was in itself a thing of beauty, so laden was it with the most tempting delicacies of every kind, and so beautifully decorated with a perfect wealth of exquisite cream and crimson roses. Outside, Chinese lanterns hung high and low from every tree and shrub through the extensive grounds and swung merrily from the pretty pillars verandas and balconies, which afford such a magnificent view of the whole surrounding country—Chautauqua and the picturesque little town nestling among the spreading trees on one side, and to the west and north a glorious, unbroken view of the grand old lake, with a glimpse in the east of the American fort and the river winding away among its high, thickly wooded banks. Seen from the approach one was reminded of the stories of fairyland, the illusion being completed by the sweet music of the Italian harpers who monopolized a pretty little bower of trees in the center of the lawn. The jolly young hostess received her guests in a very handsome gown of light blue moire and honiton lace, and was assisted in her pleasant duties by the Misses Colquhoun of Toronto, and Miss Hunter of Seaforth. The following is a list of those invited, all of whom, with a few exceptions, were present: Mrs. and Miss Alma, Mr. and Mrs. Weir Anderson, Dr. and Mrs. Hedley Anderson, Rev. Canon and Mrs. Arnold, Miss Arnold, Miss Baxter, the Misses Beaven, Mrs. J. Ball, Miss Ball, Mr. Harry Ball, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Ball, Miss N. Ball, Mr. Percy Ball, Mrs. Robert Ball, Miss Burnham, Miss Bayley, Mr. and Mrs. Bernard, the Misses Bernard, Mr. G. Bernard, Mrs. Brown, Mrs. Butler, Mr. and Mrs. Morgan Baldwin, the Misses Baldwin, Rev. F. M. and Mrs. Baldwin, Capt. and Mrs. Percy Beaumont, and the Misses Colquhoun, Mrs. and the Misses Chittenden, Mr. A. Colquhoun, Mrs. Collins, Mrs. Carmen, Miss Marjorie Campbell, Mrs. James Scarth, Mrs. Creen, Capt. and Mrs. R. G. Dickson, Miss Denison, Senator and Mrs. Ferguson, Mrs. Foster, Mrs. Fliskin, Mr. and Mrs. Henry Garrett, Rev. J. C. and Mrs. Garrett, Capt. J. B. Geale, the Misses Geale, Mr. W. A. Geale, Mr. and Mrs. J. Gibb, Mrs. Frank Gosling, Mr. and Mrs. F. Geddes, Miss Geddes, Mr. and Mrs. Frank Holmestead, Mrs. Hewgill, Mrs. H. Hewgill, Miss Hunter, Mr. and Mrs. Hodges, the Misses Hodges, Mr. and Mrs. James Henderson, Mr. and Mrs. George Harman, Mrs. J. O. and the Misses Heward, Mr. Stewart Houston, Mrs. Hanson, Mr. and Mrs. Ince, the Misses Ince, Mr. and Mrs. N. Kingsmill, the Misses Kingsmill, Dr. and the Misses Ker, Mr. and Mrs. T. Kerr, Miss Kerr, Mr. J. Kerr, Mr. and Mrs. J. Lewis, Mr. and Mrs. Livingston Lansing, Mr. and Mrs. W. Lansing, Ven. Archdeacon and Mrs. McMurray, Miss Mitchell, Mrs. Morson, Mrs. Macrae, Miss Morgan, Mr. Nelles, Mrs. and Miss Newbiggin, Mr. and Mrs. H. Paillard, the Misses Paillard, the Misses Rye, Mrs. and the Misses Russell, Mr. J. Russell, Mr. Rand, Mr. and Mrs. W. Smith, Rev. N. and Mrs. Smith, Mrs. and the Misses Strathy, Miss Strange, Mrs. Scarth, Mr. and Mrs. E. W. Syer, Dr. and Mrs. H. Watt, Dr. and Mrs. H. Warren, Mrs. H. Willson, Dr. and Mrs. Trimble, Mr. and Mrs. Russell Wilkinson, Mr. and Mrs. Winthrop, Mrs. Wells, Mr. and Mrs. Winnett, the Misses Winnett, Mr. and Mrs. Winnett, the Misses Winnett.

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For the early fall an indigo print makes up suitably. Think of the best made indigo prints at \$1.25—goods worth 10c. with Manchester manufacturers.

Building Sale

ON the remnant table will be found values in dress goods that only need to be seen to be picked up by clever shoppers.

Very indifferent qualities in ladies' hose can be bought. We never buy these goods, consequently our stocks are always found first-class.

Ladies' Hose, seamless and stainless, 2 pairs 15c. Ladies' Cotton Hose, full fashioned, 15c.—a cut price when 20s.

Ladies' Elastic Ribbed Vests, 4 for 25c.

Ladies' Natural Wool Vest, short sleeves, 65c.

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Fare—30s for Four Tickets for \$1 round trip, or

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TH

MARJORIE'S MISTAKE

By ADELINE SERGEANT,

Author of "The Great Mill Street Mystery," "Jacob's Wife," "Sir Anthony's Secret," "Under False Pretenses," &c., &c.

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CHAPTER IX.

When this little matter was settled Mrs. Pawson visibly unbent.

"We were just going to have a cup of tea, when you came in," she said, "and perhaps you'd be glad to have a drop yourself this warm evening."

"Thank you," said Marjory, "but I had tea just before I came. I am afraid I must be going now."

"You needn't have asked her, mother," said Kate, from the sofa. "She's much too fine to have tea with the likes of us. Why, I suppose she sits down to table with the Squire now that she's up at the Hall."

"That's all you know about it," said Mrs. Pawson sharply. "She'll be in the house-keeper's room with Mrs. Clegg. Don't I know the ways of a big house as well as anyone? Sit down, Marjory; there's plenty of time. You won't be having supper till half-past six o'clock or after, if you needn't hurry yourself."

"I'm afraid I can't stay long," said Marjory, "I must be back by seven o'clock."

"I'm sure I don't see why you needn't hurry yourself," said her aunt in an aggrieved tone, but Selina stopped her machine to say:

"Nobody's wanting to keep you here against your will. You needn't bother her, mother. Maybe she's got to help Mrs. Hyde dress for dinner, or something of that sort. I suppose they make you useful, Marjory!"

"Yes; I hope so," said Marjory, scarcely knowing in what words to frame a reply.

"And you do some lady's-maid's work now and then, I suppose?" said Kate, eying her askance. "That's where your bit of dressing will come in handy."

"I often help Mrs. Hyde to dress," said Marjory truthfully. "You see I've been with her before."

Kate said, "I thought so," and pursed up her lips, whilst Selina muttered something disdainfully about going out to serve, which was half lost in the whirr of the sewing machine. Marjory sat silent a little humiliated, but not without some of the humor of the situation.

Meanwhile Mrs. Pawson went to the back door and called "Jenny! Jenny!" in a very loud tone. "Jenny, bring in the tea things, she said ostentatiously. It was a pleasure to her that Marjory should see her had now attained the dignity of "keeping a girl."

Jenny came in presently in rather a dazed and frightened way, with the tea tray in her hands. Marjory glanced at her with pity, thinking of the days when she herself had been not much less of a drudge than this little maid-of-all-work.

"Come from the workhouse, she did," muttered Mrs. Pawson, in an audible aside, "and a shiftless thing. But we keeps her out of pity."

Being kept out of pity did not seem to have conduced to Jenny's happiness. She was white-faced little thing of fifteen or sixteen, with large startled blue eyes, like the eyes of a deer, and very fair hair, which curled a little under her slatternly cap. Mrs. Pawson had been very particular that she should wear a cap, and gave a certain dignity to herself and her surroundings.

"She's really a very pretty little girl," said Marjory incautiously, when Jenny had gone out again and shut the door.

"Pretty, indeed! A white-faced chit like that!" said Mrs. Pawson indignantly. "Don't you go saying that sort of thing to her, Marjory, and putting ideas into her head. 'She's a little fool already; it would only make her worse.'

Marjory thought it very unlikely that she would ever exchange any remarks with Jenny on the subject of her personal appearance, but she did not venture to say so. She glanced rather anxiously at the clock which ticked on the wall, and after drinking a cup of very hot, strong tea, remarked that she must be going, for it was half-past six already. The thought of the time that she had kept Felix waiting filled her with dismay. This time, however, the Pawsons did not attempt to detain her. Probably the thought that they had got all they could out of her for the present, and that it would be wiser to let her go where she was wanted. Marjory tried to take leave of them all in the house, but Mrs. Pawson insisted on accompanying her to the garden gate, and was very much impressed by the sight of Mr. Felix Hyde, who, having grown a trifle impatient, was now smoking a cigar on the steps outside.

"Why, good gracious! Whatever is young Mr. Hyde doing here!" was Mrs. Pawson's energetic exclamation.

"I think he is waiting for me; I am going to walk back with him," said Marjory, wishing that she could avoid an explanation.

"And pray, what would the Squire say to that, if he knew?" said her aunt. "You be careful, Marjory. Gentlemen don't walk with their aunts, and you mean no harm by it."

"Oh, Aunt Marjory, do hush; he will hear you!" cried Marjory eagerly, then with a vivid blush she added in a still lower tone, "It's all right, Mr. and Mrs. Hyde know that he was coming; you needn't think they minded my walking back with me. Good-bye, Aunt Marjory, I shall see you before I go back to London."

"Good-bye, Marjory," said Mrs. Pawson, and this time she reached upward to peck at Marjory's cheek by way of giving her a kiss. "Good-bye, and take care of yourself and don't get into any mischief."

"I'll take care of her, Mrs. Pawson," said Felix, who had heard the last few words. He swung himself round with a smile, then away the end of his cigar and lifted his hat.

"I'm sure it's very kind of you, sir," said Mrs. Pawson, dropping a curtsy. But she did not get a chance of saying anything more, for Marjory waved her a farewell and went down the road rather quickly, with Felix at her side.

Mrs. Pawson stood watching them for a little while, with her hand forming an arch over her eyes. "Well, to be sure," she said to herself, and at last she returned to her cottage. "She looks almost like a lady, she does. A great deal too much of a lady for her good, I should say. Now, I wonder what she earns a year?" And she wrangled with her daughters over the subject for the rest of the evening.

Marjory was very rapidly for a time, and Felix did not attempt to break the silence into which she had fallen. He had as strong a sense of the inconvenience of her relationship with the Pawsons as Mrs. Hyde herself, and he wondered what view Marjory was likely to take of them. Judging from the flush of her face and the swiftness of her step, he divined that the interview had not been a very satisfactory one.

At one point in their walk they had to cross a little wooden foot-bridge, over a running brook, on either side of which trees and brushwood clustered thickly. It was a pretty spot, and here Marjory stopped short, as if to look at the surrounding scenery. She put one hand on the wooden rail of the bridge, and drew a long, deep breath.

"Well, that's over," she said.

"It was not pleasant!" queried Felix.

"If it was not," said Marjory straightforwardly. "I suppose it must have been my fault."

No I don't see that. If they were not kind and affectionate."

"They were never affectionate to me, so I could not expect it now. They were kind enough, but of course they don't understand my life any more than I understand theirs, and it is no use denying it—there's a difference."

"Of course there is," said Felix.

"If I had ever been fond of them," pursued Marjory, "I think I should not mind. I was

said about him. He was tall, broad-shouldered, straight-featured, with blue eyes, fair hair, and a little golden mustache. Really it was impossible to say more. The lines of his face were almost too perfect to be described. It was the face of a marble Antinous, the face of a knightly hero, dead or of old. Was it possible that such beauty of countenance should be anything but as an old writer puts it, "the index to a most fair mind?"

CHAPTER X.

After Mr. Severne's first glance of astonishment and admiration, which he showed more undisguisedly than some people would have thought advisable, he sat down by Marjory's side and devoted himself almost entirely to her. They talked chiefly about music and when she discovered that he had once spent three months in Germany and knew some of her musical friends at Leipzig, she felt as if they were old acquaintances; but when she asked him if he had adopted a musical career he shook his head sorrowfully.

"I never had the opportunity," he said. "I am that uninteresting character, a clerk in a bank at Southminster. My only recreation is to play the organ, and that is why I am so glad to come over here on Sundays when Miss Drummond is away."

"I am hoping," Helen interposed at this point, "to persuade Mr. Severne to take the organ altogether. When he has been playing for a few Sundays people are always so sorry to see me back again."

"No, no, that I'm sure they could never be," said Mr. Severne. "That would be impossible where Miss Drummond is concerned."

He had a habit of paying compliments or trying to say pretty things. It was his one defect in conversation, thought Marjory. For the things he said did not always seem to ring quite true. However, he was a charming man, if a little too deferential and complimentary, and she was sorry when the first sound of the bell for evening service fell upon their ears and the little conference had to be broken up.

Marjory had not intended to go to church at all that evening. She had privately arranged with Felix that they would have a stroll through the fields in the golden evening sunlight, but her anxiety to hear Mr. Severne's music, for he was to provide the organ that evening, overcame her desire for a walk with Felix, and it never occurred to her that Felix would mind. She was sorry, and a little surprised, to find that he looked decidedly gloomy, if not displeased, at her decision.

"You don't mind, do you?" she managed to find time to say to him in a low voice. "Don't come to church if you don't wish. There's no need that you should because I want to go."

"You are very kind," said Felix a little resentfully; then, in a half reproachful voice, "I thought you said it would be so pleasant in the field to-night."

"So it would," said Marjory, "but I do want to hear this Mr. Severne play. He talks like a thorough musician. I am sure it will be a treat to hear him, and after all, you know—I am sorry, but I don't think I care for anything so much as music."

"I suppose not," said Felix sadly, and then he turned away.

Marjory's decision that night seemed to him like a recant of her decision in larger things.

So they went to church, and Mr. Severne organist, and to be trained over it might have been thought that his performance was a little disappointing. He played with a good deal of spirit, faster, indeed, than the singers liked, but he was decidedly inaccurate, and some of his harmonies were woefully incorrect. They made Marjory shiver a little at times, in spite of herself.

When the service was over and they were passing through the little green churchyard and into the lane beyond, Mr. Severne came after them, full of regret and apologies, and looking very boyishly concerned and miserable that Marjory forgave him his bad music on account of his contrition, and liked him a little better for both.

"I have never played so badly in my life," avowed the young man, "and I knew it all the time, and that made it worse. Of course, I remembered that you would hear every wrong note I played. Indeed, I can do better than that sometimes, Miss Moore, if you will only believe me."

The Marjory believed him with all her heart, although she fancied she saw a curious little smile on the faces of one or two around her. It was the remembrance of this smile that made her say to Felix when they walked back to the Hall.

"You have heard Mr. Severne before, have you not?"

"I have heard him many times," said Felix.

"It is a pity that he didn't play his best to-night," said Marjory, trying to get to know what she wanted by an indirect process.

"I don't think there's much difference," said Felix with a little laugh. "He is never very correct."

"Oh," said Marjory rather blankly, "do you mean he played as well as usual to-night?"

"I thought he hurried the time rather more than usual," said Felix; "as for his chords, they were always shaky."

"I thought he seemed to know so much about music."

"He knows how to talk about it," said Felix.

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"He knows how to talk about it," said Felix.

"Shouldn't be sorry to see Felix cut out," said his friend. "Close-fisted, never has a sovereign to spare. I say, Archie, it might be worth your while to make the running with this girl. Old Hyde's certain to leave her something, even if not his whole fortune."

"He's just married," said Archie, with some ill-humor. "He might have children yet, and then where would she be? Not but that I daresay she'll make money by her music."

"Not a bad spec, eh?" said the billiard-marker.

"A fellow might do worse," said Severne philosophically, and then he added in a lower and more meditative tone, "She'll get very pretty eyes."

"I believe you are gone on her already," said his friend, whereat Archie laughed consciousness.

Felix laughed. "Not that exactly. They think he is a little bit Bohemian, perhaps, and his prospects are not very brilliant."

"Why don't you ask him to the Hall?" said Marjory thoughtfully, and then the color came into her cheeks at the suggestion she made.

Felix looked at her curiously.

"I don't think the Squire ever took to him," he said after a moment's pause, "but I dare say I could get him asked there if you want to play duets with him or anything."

"It was not for my own sake," said Marjory, still reddening, "but that I felt sorry for him. He seemed to have such a very lonely life. He told me there was scarcely anyone who understood anything about music, or could sympathize with him at Southminster."

"Dear me," said Felix, rather dryly. "I always thought that Southminster Cathedral

was celebrated for the excellence of its music."

"Perhaps he doesn't know the musical people," suggested Marjory.

"Perhaps not. Though after having lived in the place nearly all his life, one would think he might know them if he tried."

Marjory concluded that Felix was rather uninterested towards his old friend, and reflected on the coolness with which one man can speak of another behind his back, without hearing anything done against him.

She made some mention of Mr. Severne that night at the Sunday evening supper, which was usual at the Hall, and was amazed when the Squire broke out in rather an angry way.

"Young lad! so he was there, was he? I wonder the Rector likes to have him in the house."

"Is there anything against him?" asked Marjory, more shocked than she liked to show.

Felix kept his eyes on the tablecloth and ad-

Rub! Rub! Rub! In the wash tub!

That's the usual story on wash day.

It's hard on the clothes, but still harder on the washer.

Surprise Soap changes this:

It does away with hard rubs. Rub lightly with **Surprise Soap**: the dirt will drop out, not be rubbed in.

Thousands use Surprise the "Surprise" way, on wash day, to save wearing out the clothes by that hard rubbing. It saves hard work too.

Surprise SOAP
does it.

READ the directions on the wrapper.

Afterwards remarked—to find that Mr. Archie Severne was going to London by their train. Of course he entered the same carriage and made himself agreeable to Marjory. They sat side by side and talked all the way. Felix, sitting in an opposite corner and gazing glumly out of the window, had not word to say. It was a pity, thought Marjory, that he was so unconvivial.

"Oh, come," interrupted Felix good-humoredly; "his mother died of scarlet fever. You can't say that was brought on by Archie's debts, Squire."

"Well, I have no doubt that the worry of them undermined her constitution," said the Squire, rather taken aback. "At any rate he gave her a great deal of trouble; I know that, and I don't like the fellow."

"I believe he is quite steady now," said Felix and Marjory was pleased to hear him standing up for the friend to whom she fancied he had been a little unjust that evening.

"He is thoroughly affectionate and good-hearted. It was a tremendous grief to him when his mother died."

A man may be affectionate and a scamp at the same time," retorted the Squire. "Felix quickly, "and there are very few men who don't commit a few errors in early life."

"I think you would find, if you enquired," said Mr. Hyde, "that what I say about him is borne out by the general opinion in Southminster. However, there's no need to discuss him; he's not likely to come our way."

A Psychical Prank.

I.

Willis had met Miss Hollister but once, and that, for a certain purpose, was sufficient. He was smitten. She represented in every way his ideal, although until he had met her his ideal had been something radically different. She was not at all Juno-esque, and the maiden of his dreams had been decidedly so. She had auburn hair, which hitherto Willis had detested. Indeed, if the same wealth of hair had adorned some other woman's head, Willis would have called it red. This shows how completely he was smitten. She changed his point of view entirely. She shattered his old ideal and tossed up in its stead, and she did most of it with such energy.

There was something, however, about Miss Hollister's eyes that contributed to the smile of Willis's heart. They were great round luminous orbs, and deep. So deep were they and so penetrating that Willis's affections were away beyond their own depth the moment Miss Hollister's eyes looked into his, and at the same time he had a dim and slightly uncomfortable notion that she could read every thought his mind held within its folds—or rather, that she could see how utterly devoid of thought that mind was upon this ecstatic occasion, for Willis's brain was set all agog by the sensations of the moment.

"By Jove!" he said to himself afterward—for Willis, wise man that he could be on occasions, was his own confidant, to the exclusion of all others—"By Jove! I believe she can peer into my very soul; and if she can, my hopes are blasted, for she must be able to see that a soul like mine is no more worthy to become the affinity of one like hers than a mountain will have to cling to the Amazon."

Nevertheless, Willis did hope.

"Something may turn up, and perhaps—perhaps I can devise some scheme by means of which my imperfections can be hidden from her. Mayb I can put stained glass over the windows of my soul, and keep her from looking through them at my shortcomings. Smoked glasses, perhaps—and why not? If smoked glasses can be used by mortals gazing at the sun, why may they not be used by me when gazing into those scarcely less glorious orbs of hers?"

Alas for Willis! The fates were against him. A far-off tribe of fates were in league to blast his chances of success forever, and this was how it happened:

Willis had occasion one afternoon to come up town early. At the corner of Broadway and Astor place he entered a Madison avenue car, paid his fare, and sat down in one of the corner seats at the rear end of the car. His mind was, as usual, intent upon the glorious Miss Hollister. Surely no one who had once met her could do otherwise than think of her constantly, he reflected; and the reflection made him a bit jealous. What business had others to think of her? Impudent, groveling mortals! No man was good enough to do that—not, not even himself. But he could change. He could at least try to be worthy of thinking about her, and he knew of no other man who could. He'd like to catch anyone else doing so little as mentioning her name!

"Impudent, groveling mortals!" he repeated.

And then the car stopped at Seventeenth street, and who should step out board but Miss Hollister herself!

"The idea!" thought Willis. "By Jove! there she is—an horse-car, too! How atrocious! One might as well expect to see Minerva driving in a grocer's wagon as Miss Hollister in a horse-car. Miserable, unattractive world to compel Minerva to ride in a horse-car, or rather Miss Hollister to ride in a grocer's car! Absurdities of absurdities!"

Here he raised his hat, for Miss Hollister had bowed sweetly to him, and passed on to the far end of the car, where she stood hanging on a strap.

"I wonder why she doesn't sit down?" thought Willis, for as he looked about the car he observed that, with the exception of his own, all the seats were vacant. In fact, the only persons on board were Miss Hollister, the driver, the conductor and himself.

"I think I'll go speak to her," he thought.

And then he thought again: "No, I'd better not. She'll know when she entered, and if she has wished to speak to me she would have sat down beside me, or opposite me perhaps. I shall show myself worthy of her by not thrusting my presence upon her. But I wonder why she stands? She looks tired enough."

Here Miss Hollister indulged in a very singular performance. She bowed her head slightly at someone, apparently on the sidewalk, the port of which Willis could not catch, and sat down in the middle of the seat on the other side of the car, looking very much annoyed—in fact almost unamiable.

Willis was more mystified than ever: but his mystification was as nothing compared to his anxiety when, on reaching Forty-second street, Miss Hollister rose, and sweeping by him without a sign of recognition left the car. "Cut, by thunder!" ejaculated Willis, in consternation. "And why, I wonder? Most incomprehensible affair. Can she be a woman of whims—with eyes like those? Never, impossible. And yet what else can be the matter?"

Try as he might, Willis could not solve the problem. It was utterly past solution as far as he was concerned.

"I'll find out, and I'll find out like a brave man," he said after racking his brains for an hour or two in a vain endeavor to get at the cause of Miss Hollister's cut. "I'll call upon her to-night and ask her."

He was true to his first purpose, but not to his second. He called, but he did not ask her, for Miss Hollister did not give him the chance to do so. Upon receiving his card she sent down word that she was out. Two days later, meeting him face to face upon the street, she gazed coldly at him and cut him once more. Six months later her engagement to a Boston man was announced, and in the autumn following Miss Hollister of New York became Mrs. Barrows of Boston. There were cards, but Willis did not receive one of them. The cut was indeed complete and final. But why? That had now become one of the great

problems of Willis's life. What had he done to be so badly treated?

II.

A year passed by and Willis recovered from the dreadful blow to his hopes, but he often puzzled over Miss Hollister's singular behavior toward him. He had placed the matter before several of his friends, and, with the exception of one of them, none were more capable of solving his problem than he. This one had heard from his wife, a school friend and intimate acquaintance of Miss Hollister, now Mrs. Barrows, that Willis's ideal had once expressed herself to the effect that she had admired Willis very much until she had discovered that he was not as polite as he should be.

"For goodness' sake, not as polite as I should be?" retorted Willis. "When have I ever been anything else? Why, I mean Bronson," he added, "you know what my attitude toward woman-kind—as well as mankind—has always been. If there is a creature in the world whose politeness is her weakness, I am that creature. I'm the most courteous man living. When I play poker in my own room I lose money, because I've made it a rule never to beat my guests at cards or anything else."

"That isn't politeness," said Bronson. "That's idiocy."

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"I've half a mind to write to Mrs. Barrows and ask her what I did," said Willis.

"That would be lovely," said Bronson. "Barrows would be pleased."

"True. I never thought of that," replied Willis.

"You are not a thoughtful thinker," said Bronson dryly. "If I were you I'd bide my time, and some day you may get an explanation. Stranger things have happened; and my wife tells me that the Barrowses are to spend the coming winter in New York. You'll meet them out somewhere, no doubt."

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A Dog Worth Having.



Young Tutter—That's a splendid big dog you have, Miss Pinkerly. Is he affectionate?

Miss Pinkerly—Oh, very. Come here, Rover, and show Mr. Tutter how to kiss me.

WILLIS—Not as polite as I should be?" retorted Willis. "When have I ever been anything else? Why, I mean Bronson," he added, "you know what my attitude toward woman-kind—as well as mankind—has always been. If there is a creature in the world whose politeness is her weakness, I am that creature. I'm the most courteous man living. When I play poker in my own room I lose money, because I've made it a rule never to beat my guests at cards or anything else."

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"Not quite," returned Mrs. Barrows, "but the horrible stranger of the horse-car: and do you know, he recalled the whole thing to my mind, assuring me that he and the others had projected their astral bodies over to New York for a week, and had a magnificent time unperceived by all save myself, who was unconsciously psychic, and so able to perceive them in their invisible forms."

"It was a mean trick on me, Mrs. Barrows," said Willis dryly. "I do not abhor match-making matrons, who I don't think I know even one. I should think they were both annoying and dangerous, if I were a young girl. I cannot quite go the length of calling a girl hopeless and foolish who is without a particular gentleman friend, but I think she is to be condoned with it fails to attract any one. Some girls so fall, I know. I don't fancy you are one of them, however. 2. I don't remember Becky Sharpe's particular naughtiness, to whom you refer. 3. Your writing shows impulsive, snap and decided, generous, imaginative, and very frank manner, and very good handwriting. You are truthful and frank, and your penmanship is good. You are bright and sociable, hopeful and independent, a little careless of appearances and hasty in judgment, with capital temper and honesty. Your will power is not striking, but is even and firm, and your general and enterprising.

RUTH—1. I do not abhor match-making matrons, who I don't think I know even one. I should think they were both annoying and dangerous, if I were a young girl. I cannot quite go the length of calling a girl hopeless and foolish who is without a particular gentleman friend, but I think she is to be condoned with it fails to attract any one. Some girls so fall, I know. I don't fancy you are one of them, however. 2. I don't remember Becky Sharpe's particular naughtiness, to whom you refer. 3. Your writing shows impulsive, snap and decided, generous, imaginative, and very frank manner, and very good handwriting. You are truthful and frank, and your penmanship is good. You are bright and sociable, hopeful and independent, a little careless of appearances and hasty in judgment, with capital temper and honesty. Your will power is not striking, but is even and firm, and your general and enterprising.

KATHARINE WILHELM—1. Your highness is very contradictory. First you say you are not going to ask me to "get a wiggle on," then in the same sentence you implore a speedy delineation. You see

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Advertising rates made known on application at the business office.

THE SHEPPARD PUBLISHING CO. (LTD.), Proprietary.

VOL. VI] TORONTO, AUG. 26, 1893. [No. 40

Crime and Criminals

DID you ever kill a man? I do not ask if you ever committed murder—if you ever arose in the night listening with all your soul, unstrung by the clamor of your own pulse, staring impotently into the dark, pausing and creeping and clutching your stealthy knife, ready to stab and scream in frenzy should a mouse scamper across your path, but moving nearer your victim and at last accomplishing your deed of blood. I do not ask if you have done this and next day met your friends with smiling face, and viewed the victim and hunted for clews and acted generally like the villain of a novel, but did you ever kill a man in self-defense, or by accident?

Out in the West, where life like land is cheaper than in the East, you meet many who have "dropped their man." There is often nothing very blood-thirsty about the appearance of those who have won this distinction, for now and then the most harmless of men are forced to either kill or be killed. Some men have strange ideas of crime, and it may surprise some to know that very few criminals are conscious of being worse than other people or worse than they were before they violated the moral or civil law. This is contrary to all accepted ideas, but I have made a study of all the criminals I have come across and find it to be the case with every one of them. Religious sentiment is the only thing that makes a man self-conscious of his crimes and sins, and often it is the one who has seemingly led the purest life who at his conversion feels the greatest weight of remorse. I know a man who, after seven years in Kingston penitentiary, is nobly redeeming his past by a life of honesty and good works, yet if you talk with him about his past he will lie by the hour telling you the same fairy tale that his lawyer tried to palm off on the jury. In the middle of his story he will rail against a comrade who gave him dead away in the witness box. No one can point to a dishonest act in that man's life since he came out of prison, and he feels himself as good as any man in the country. He lies as though it were his Christian duty; he prides himself on having been trusted by his jailers and liberated before the expiration of his term. If you were to boast of having won honors at college he would tell you how the turnkeys trusted him down at Kingston and would do anything for him. I once met a man who had served four years in States Prison in Michigan for killing a man with a razor in a fight. He could not understand how people kept up this old grudge against him and refused to be friendly with him. That man did not feel that he was a monster. While on the train the other day I entered the smoking-car and found a prisoner in charge of two constables, with bracelets on his hands and shackles on his feet. He leaned across the aisle and asked me for some tobacco, and I made use of the opportunity to sound his feelings.

"You are in a nice box. Where are you going?"

"To Kingston for two and a half years," he replied, while I filled his pipe for him.

"You are too intelligent and clever-looking to be in this position. Aren't you ashamed of yourself?"

"Oh, the smartest of men will get caught sometimes," he answered, resuming his seat.

He totally misunderstood me. It never occurred to him that I meant he was too respectable-looking and intelligent to waste his talents in criminal pursuits. It never struck him that he should feel ashamed at finding himself a felon; to him the whole calamity was in being caught, but he maintained his self-respect with the reflection that "the smartest of men get caught sometimes." Those who have made no study of criminal nature and those who visit prisons and find the inmates wearing the mask of penitence, will think this man a peculiarly hardened rascal, else he would have felt shame at his situation. But it is not so with one out of twenty. This man was as decent and harmless-looking a fellow as you could imagine. Any violation of the law looks bad and sounds bad to those who have never been convicted of the same offence, but I believe the conscience exerts its utmost power in youth when you steal apples, and does no more (but in reality loses some of its acuteness) when in after life you commit capital crimes. Last year I had several interviews with a man who had just finished a term in penitentiary, and had previously served a number of sentences in prisons and jails in various parts of Canada. He claimed that the whole prison system was wrong, and cited his own case. He had been sent down for some trifling affair and while in jail made acquaintance with a lot of fellows who all recognized him when they met him afterwards. They all took it for granted that they each and every one were anxious for any crime that was profitable and safe, so they spurred each other on. The man to whom I refer got into Central Prison and finally into penitentiary. He said that the only effect the jail had upon him was to introduce him to more hardened men who "used" him when he got out. The only effect the prison had on him was to bring him under the tuition of more expert rogues still, and he felt ashamed of the clumsy crime of which he had been convicted. His fellow prisoners laughed at the way he had managed his burglary and he was told a dozen different ways of performing the same job without detection. At the end of his term he

came out feeling that he could steal the nose off a detective's face and never be found out. He made several hauls—not of detectives' noses but more salable goods—and one night found himself in the cells without knowing exactly how it happened. Several cases were made out against him and he landed in penitentiary. Now he found himself among the past masters of crime. In quiet ways he found out what most of the men were in for, how they had been caught by a fluke, and learned how to go about burglary, arson, murder and everything else in the most skillful way. He said that our prison system is a system of criminal education; our jails are common schools of vice where the rudiments are imparted; the Central Prison is the high school where a general proficiency is attained, while the Kingston Penitentiary is the grand university of crime where a rogue graduates in any chosen line. The prisoners all the way through compare notes, exchange pointers and sneer at the law and at honesty. Some feign contrition and pretend conversion in hope of having their terms shortened, and at any rate they gain the advantage of being less plagued by visiting clergymen. The deduction I drew from all he said was that the State should be much more careful about its first commitment of an individual, for it nearly always happens that a man who is sentenced once must be sentenced again and again. The State should interpose a rescuing arm between children and criminal or worthless parents who are unlikely to keep them out of crime. It will probably have occurred to many that the State is not free from blame when it gives a convict and a prostitute a license to marry.

How dare the State issue such a license and then hang, imprison or electrocute the offspring of such a marriage because they inherit vice? They could not fail to be vicious. Better for society to imprison all such people at whatever expense, or, if society shrinks from such a step, seize their children, make them wards of the State, so that moral environment may wage war with heredity and occasionally win.

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what do you suppose that dog was a-doin'? So help me Jimmy Johnson he was a-goin' right on swallerin' the tail with a kinder pleased and peaceful sort of look on his face. He finished that tail before he took a good look round, and then you bet he was surprised to find out where he was. Ah! godson! that was the moment I felt for the poor dog, for he was evidently at his wits' end. From the expression of his intelligent face you could tell that he was sayin' to himself, just as plain as if you heard him, 'There seems to be considerable d—d alitid to this here grapevine; I wonder what's to be did next?' Poor dog! I was real sorry for him, but he'd brought it on himself. At last he began to git tired of playin' bird and started to come down, and how do you suppose he come?

The law student respectfully suggested that he probably slid down the string or else had a severe fall; in other words, took a tumble.

"Took a tumble," grunted Uncle Harper. "Not much; nor he didn't slide neither, for he wasn't no monkey. No, sir; he just took that kite string in his mouth and started to swallow downwards. The string was regular play to him, for he had been used to rope all his young life, and inside of ten minutes he was on the ground lickin' my hand, bringin' the kite with him and four hundred feet of good string inside of him. I was glad to get the pup again, but was mad about losing the string and told him so in pretty plain terms. I hadn't hardly got the last cuss word out when he gave a kind of a chokin' cough and on my sacred honor out rolled a ball of string, as nicely wound up as you ever see'd it in a store. Says I: 'Good dog, where's the tail?' The poor dog looked at me kinder reproachful like and—Eh! what's that you say! Going—you can't swaller that? Eh! you don't doubt your own codfish? Eh! where's my stick?"

But while he was hunting his stick the law student was cutting his and seeking fresh air.

G. J. A.

A Yorkshire Toast.

THERE was a stormy night in the outskirts of one of Yorkshire's cotton spinning towns. The barmaid at The Eagle held her novel closer to the only gas jet, which the wind, seeming to come from every quarter, was bent on extinguishing, while she read an exciting paragraph. Then the door opened, and reinforced by this extra blast from a new quarter the flame nearly gave up its struggles.

Into the darkness, arm in arm, their cloths clattering on the tiles, had come two old yokels, lugubrious figures, undoubtedly, but who would have thought to look at them that a morsel of deceit nestled in their bosoms as they leaned solemnly up against the counter?

"Two a' bitter." This was all they said, and obedient to their wishes the "pwters" were filled and placed on the counter. They grasped the handles in a manner which told of thirst, pure and simple, and a look of pleasurable anticipation stole over their countenances. They seemed to forget the kinks in their old backs, which had up to now induced the marked stoop in their shoulders, and the temporary erectness made them look at least half a foot taller.

"I looks towards ye, Mr. Moore," said one to the other as he held his mug on a level with his face. "An' I likewise bows," said the other. Then the old backs creaked and groaned as they vied with each other as to who would bow the lowest.

They had hardly got themselves back to the perpendicular, and were about to raise their mugs to their lips, when the door blew open and under the fierce onslaught of the wind the long harassed flame gave up the ghost and all was dark. The only sounds which broke the stillness were the roaring of the wind without, the noise of the barmaid as she searched for a match, and the gurgle of "bitter" down two thirsty throats.

When the barmaid succeeded in getting the gas flaring again she found that the customers had departed, and she again resumed her novel. The two old cronies made their way arm in arm down the street. As they reached a street lamp the one nudged the other and held his hand to the light; in it nestled the fourpence which was to have paid for the "bitter" which they had just consumed, but which he still retained.

They turned into the next "pub" and toasted each other over more "bitter."

Limerick, Ire. HARRY A. BROWN.

The Two Empires of Humankind.

To me all discussions of the subject of "woman's rights" or the "superiority" of man over woman are as tiresome as they are useless for. God, who can make no mistake, made man and woman for a specific work, and to move in particular spheres—man to be dominant in his realm, woman to be dominant in hers. The boundary between Italy and Switzerland, between England and Scotland, is not more thoroughly marked than this distinction between the empire masculine and the empire feminine; so entirely dissimilar are the fields to which God called them, that you can no more compare them than you can oxygen and hydrogen, water and grass, trees and stars. All this talk about the superiority of one sex over the other sex is an everlasting waste of ink and speech. A jeweler may have a scale so delicate that he can weigh the dust of diamonds, but where are the scales so delicate that you can weigh in them affection against affection, sentiment against sentiment, thought against thought, soul against soul, a man's word against a woman's word?

You come out with your stereotyped remark, the man is superior to woman in intellect, and then I open on my desk the swarthy, iron-tipped, thunder-holted writings of Harriet Martineau, and Elizabeth Browning, and George Eliot. You come out with your stereotyped remark about woman's superiority to man in the item of affection, but I ask you where was there more capacity to love than in John, the disciple, and Robert Macpherson, and the Scotchman, and John Summerfield, the Methodist, and Henry Martin, the missionary?

The heart of those men was so large that after you had rolled it into two hemispheres there was room still left to marshal the hosts of heaven, and set up the throne of the eternal Jehovah. I deny to man the throne intel-

lectual. I deny to woman the throne affectional. No human phraseology will ever define the spheres while there is an intuition by which we know when a man is in his realm, and when a woman is in her realm, and when either of them is out of it. No bungling legislature ought to attempt to make a definition, or to say, "This is the line, and that is the line." My theory is that if a woman wants to vote she ought to vote, and if a man wants to embroider and keep house he ought to be allowed to embroider and keep house.

There are masculine women and there are effeminate men. My theory is that you have no right to interfere with anyone's doing anything that is righteous. Albany and Washington might as well decree by legislature how high a brown thrasher should fly, or how deep a trout should plunge, as to try to seek out the height or depth of woman's duty. The question of capacity will finally settle the whole question. When a woman is prepared to preach she will preach, and neither conference nor presbytery can hinder her.

I know there are women of most undesirable

The Banjo-Player's Lament.

For Saturday Night.

All alone to the dirge of the sad sea swell;

I sing my sad ditty—sad story I tell;

I loved a sweet maiden and loved her too well.

Plink, plunk!

Here by the sad sea swell.

O, her eyes are the blue of the sea in her laughter;

Her brown hair a halo of wind-kissed curls;

She walks like a goddess, and Cupid comes after;

Her laughter breaks in music thro' the white gleam of pearls.

Here, alone to the sad sea swell!

I sing my sad ditty, my story I tell.

Plink, plunk!

Alone by the sad sea swell.

Thro' ugh the long summer evenings I worshipped and wood her,

When the moon shed its glory o'er ocean and land;

With the pleasant fragrance and love I had sued her,

For a place in her heart and the gift c' her hand.

Here, alone to the sad sea swell.

No more in the dusk with my loved one I linger,

When the sun sinks to rest in an ocean of gold;

When a last ray of light like a gold warning finger,

Dies away in the shadow, earth's valleys enfold.

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Between You and Me.

SOME day," said the professor, gently waving his tea cup, "everyone stands face to face with the realities of life. Then one knows the real from the unreal, the transient from the lasting." And having set down his cup the professor walked away. I have been trying if I could get some good from his remark, and I am not quite through yet. What are the realities of life, anyway? "Taxes," says an exasperated real estate man. I answered myself something like this: "Work, pain, poverty, sorrow, disappointment on the one hand, and money, position, culture on the other." And then in looking at the professor's assertions once more, my summary fell to pieces, for all these things are transients, like the summer boarder, here to-day and gone to-morrow; like the inconsiderate guest, staying over the invited week, but going some time later. And if they don't start off and leave us, we must certainly some time leave them and forget them, and do without them. What lasts, then? What is real that one can have? For naturally the real is the thing worth having. And suddenly I have found a sorting out and a settling down of earth's conglomeration and have set my foot on the foundation of realities. "Circumstances" get lots of deference they don't deserve. No matter how crooked or black or dreadful they may be, they are not the realities of life. If they make me cowardly, the cowardice is one of those realities; if they make me deceitful, my deceit is a reality; if they make me strong, brave, patient, loving, these are bright realities. I've got them forever and ever. Poverty seems like a reality, but it is only a stuffed scarecrow. It makes or mars no man or woman. It is an ugly transient, but it is a transient. Hard work is now; in the good time coming for the toilers are rest and repose! Sorrow and sickness belong to to-day. In the bright to-morrow we shall have neither doctors nor invalids, graves nor hearse. Transients, every one! Disappointments! We shall look back upon them as we now do on a rainy day that spoiled our childish picnic. The sun came after. I wonder whether we shall not be a little impatient with ourselves that we fretted over the transients, when these transients are gone and our feet stand firm on the realities of life! I wonder if the professor meant me to go grubbing and searching for realities when he made his little five-o'clock-tea oration, and does he know what a grand and beautiful thing he said!

I was reading lately about a couple of "lifers" in the penitentiary who agreed, on receiving a pardon, to give each an arm to a crippled man, and also that the offer had been accepted, the arms duly grafted on to the armless party, and the prisoners freed. This sounds very like a whale story, but I believe in surgery, and having known of the transplanting of a rabbit's eye into a lady's head and the building up of a well shaped heel on a bare bone, with scraps contributed by kindly comrades of the modern Achilles, I don't quite lose faith in the transplanted arms. What occurred to me was that the idea of letting off "lifers" on the performance of some heroic or kindly deed might be utilized in various ways. One of the most accomplished confidence men in America was freed quite recently because he had warned his guards of a convict plot to murder them and secure the liberty of the convicts. What heroism was there in that? Some of our convicts are personable fellows without encumbrance in the world of liberty. Why couldn't they marry our old maids, our vicious, vinegar, knife-tongued old maids, and be free men? Perhaps, however, as it would be for the men to choose their terms of release, they might refuse the new bondage as a change from the frying pan to the fire.

We have had a little interesting flavor put into our deadly dull month of August by the visit of the English soldiers this week. How well we liked them it is not necessary to remark, nor how we watched and applauded the beautifully trained horses, and petted wee Paddy, the fox-terrier mascot of the corps. Private Mulvaney was there, and little Orthers and Learoyd, and we never liked the Kipling heroes in the book so well as in the flesh. Mulvaney warned me never to go to Chicago, and confided to me in loud and emphatic brogue that he'd be happy to spend the rest of his life in Toronto, with its clean streets and beautiful trees and pretty ladies, and Mulvaney added this last with an air of blind conviction which Mr. Gay ought to have heard. Orthers agreed with him in cockney English, and Learoyd assented with a hearty malediction on Chicago. How well a city can be run down is illustrated by the comments of the strapping fellows who held mimic war on the baseball grounds this week. There were men who made slighting remarks upon the soldiers, generally thin-shanked and stoop-shouldered men, or Sissies with loud lingerie and wide-verandah sailor hats, of whom Mulvaney remarked: "Bring me them out!" and Orthers added, "Three of us could spank a regiment of 'em, b'only give us time."

I am afraid I rather reveled in Mulvaney's monologues (never mind where I heard them). To hear a black charger described as "impudent," and the various delays on the transit called "postponements," and to watch the contemptuous surprise with which the brawny Calt remarked, "Did ye?" when a too chatty bystander informed him he had heard they lost a hundred thousand dollars in Chicago, was almost as good as a week in Ireland. Tommy Atkins is a creature to be looked at and wondered at, a reckless, wild, brave, dashing, slouching, grumbling chameleon of a hero, but, above all, a man.

In spite of the advice of Mulvaney, I think I shall go to Chicago this week by boat for a change. During September the cars will be crowded and the boat trip will be a treat. Even though the brine is not in the wave, and the long roll of the Atlantic does not make pale the cheek of the traveling journalist, still past pleasant experience tells me that the trip up the lakes is not to be lightly spoken of. If I get started this week I hope to tell you next week what it is all like.

LADY GAY.

ROYAL WOMEN OF EUROPE.



---Her Majesty Queen Victoria.

A Scientific Ghost

UE HAD all one evening been going over our opinions about the supernatural, the hyper-natural, the ultra-natural, and the extra-natural, and relating marvelous incidents in the experience of relatives of our friends and acquaintances of our kindred without being able to affirm having "seen" anything original personally. William Dander, as usual, waited till everyone else had exhausted his magazine and then discharged himself quietly.

"Any fool can see a ghost, but it takes a sensible man to look at one. Half the people that see what they call ghosts might as well see their grandmothers for all the difference it makes to them. Now, I think when a man sees a ghost he ought to study the nature of the thing, considering that in all probability he'll be a ghost one day himself, or something worse. He ought to be able to recognize one on sight, so to speak, and be prepared to take observations of it as soon as it puts in an appearance. Astronomers need to get practiced in looking at transits, occultations, eclipses and such like manoeuvres, because at first they get flurried and the affair is half through before they get over the excitement. Just the same with ghosts, and unless a man knows all about them from the start he can't expect to make correct notes when one comes floating around in a pajama or a nightgown, or whatever is the latest ghost-fashion.

"The greatest that people make about ghosts is to think they are unnatural; if they were unnatural they couldn't be, so they're just as natural as comets and albinos and two-headed cows and honest men, and things like that that don't come about above once a year at the most.

"Now, I don't mean to tell what I know about ghosts or whether I ever saw one or not, but I know one thing, you can't get any man alive, or dead either, to prove I haven't seen a ghost. I can very well understand why ghosts are not commoner than they are, and why they don't colonize these sections. Suppose any of you fellows was a ghost, do you suppose you'd want to come around here? Not by a good deal. 'Cause why? Getting to be a ghost turns a man ridiculously honest, and this is no place for downright honesty. Ghosts always come back to tell the truth about some three-cornered deal or to whack up on a cold steel, or to confess some little thing that wouldn't disturb a bit. They're just too honest and that's why folks are so scared of them. If we were all just as ripping honest as ghosts we couldn't live. We'd want to go to a better land.

"We couldn't close a trade in corner lots or anything. Ghosts just open up their insides and tell everything. They don't seem to mind. In fact, they like it. There was once a ghost came and blabbed about robbing his wife's grandmother. That shows a want of the sense of proportion or the relative importance of things. What could his wife's grandmother care! She was a ghost too, and there wasn't anybody not a ghost that cared a cent. But when you're a ghost you just can't hold things. They ooze out of you. Did you ever hear of a ghost that was a liar? You didn't! Of course not. I never did but once, and he must have been a circus agent, for he lied like Sam Hill, or Great Scott, or any of those big fellows. Tell about him! Why, certainly. He's the only one of the kind I know."

"There was some years ago the nicest kind of a girl you ever met lived in the States telegraphing. She had a job in a half-private sort of office in some big millionaire's concern connected with a telegraph company, or a railway

syndicate, or some big national swindle of that sort. Well, she had lots of time on her hands, calendar chunks of it, almanacs full, for it was only now and again the millionaire wanted to hustle and then she had to go like sixty for days. So she had to keep in practice, and though she read a lot and frivoled a heap, she managed to get acquainted with most of the key-whoppers on her circuit. Being a private line, if anybody else was idle she could talk all she had a mind to, and sometimes she all ran to mind that way. One day she was sitting reading Volney's Ruins that a bald-headed young man had sent her, and ruing it more than Volney, when she heard her key going 'bitter, bitter; little bit quick, quicker; pretty quick, gewhitaker' you know! 'Bitter, bitter, little bit,' it went, at her name. She didn't mind it at first, thinking someone was fooling, but it came again 'Judith,' and again 'Ju-Ju-Judith.' She told me herself afterwards that the Ju-Ju-Judith caught her attention like a sort of campaign chorus, and always after that he called her up with the 'bitter, bitter, little bit.' He—well, she thought he was a he, and he told her on the wire he was a he, and he acted like a he, and whether he was a he or not you must judge from the story. He called her up, as I say, and began yarning away to her what he thought of her despatching, and how nicely she could take a message, and whether she was hardworking, and all that sort of gag; and then he told her he was on a private line too, and wouldn't she talk to him? He said he would like to exchange ideas with a nice thoughtful girl like herself, and believed they could help each other a lot. He said he knew her appearance and liked her first-rate, only he thought she was a little too tall for a girl, as he didn't admire them over five feet six. He was about six feet himself and was preparing for the Law, he said. This sounded all right, but when you remember that he was a ghost you can realize the malignant ambiguity of the expression. She didn't know he was a ghost, not for months, till she was head and ears in love with him, and he tried to break her heart by declaring himself. She wouldn't let him reveal himself. But I'm getting too far ahead.

"He used to sit and paddle away to him all her nice young woman ideas, and tell him what a mission there was for earnest people in the world, and what a difference they could make if all the young people would do all they could. Just think of talking like that to a ghost! He used to agree with her, and say the way he looked at things there was nothing but sham and bumboing in the world, and what everybody needed was to get down to realities and give up their foolish ideas of society.

"Take the fashions," he would say; "was there anything more insane than this mania for clothes! They must be cut this way, and colored that way, and curlicued all over, when a plain garment not even cut on the bias assault all purposes." She would laugh then, for of course she wasn't advanced that far yet, but she thought a plain sack coat more becoming than a Prince Albert. Then he tried to convince her that everybody should go bare-headed, but she couldn't meet him there. He couldn't abide a hat—ghosts can't, you know—and she had to agree that she would like to see men going bare-headed anyway.

"Then he went at her about modern houses. He alleged a great deterioration in the plans. Formerly, in old times, houses were built like great big tents or wide open halls, with a big fire in the middle and a hole in the roof to let out the smoke, and he thought that would be the nicest sort of a house now. He would like to put out the fire, he said, in summer and have a great wide, cool space to romp around in. He would have rooms and chambers opening

off the main hall, he said, but he wouldn't have our kind of dwelling-houses at all. He would tear up carpets and pull down curtains, for they encouraged moths. He was a regular crank about things like that, but she liked the ideas as ideas, because she thought her own were so much better.

"Then he had fads about diet too. He believed in the apple treatment and ate apples three times a day. He thought the canned fruit industry should be encouraged, and told her if there had been enough canned goods Adam never would have gone fooling after green russets. He could live on fruit and was very sorry water-melons were scarce in his part. She offered to send him one once, but he said they wouldn't keep, and wouldn't give his address anyway, for he didn't want her at first to be disappointed in him.

"She often wondered why he never sent her anything, not even for her birthday. The bald-headed young man gave her Volney's Ruins, and another young man, not bald-headed, sent her flowers, and a pock-marked young man bought her candy, while even the millionaire left her Scribner's and Harper's every month. But of course she never asked him for anything.

"By and by they grew more intimate and she told him about her aspirations, and her little doubts and fears, just like Marguerite in the play, and he began to fill her up with all sorts of metaphysical views and scientific notions, and philosophic theories, till she couldn't make her mind up about anything except that he must be awfully clever, and she would like a man like that to keep her thinking-box in order and tell her how she ought to ideate.

"As soon as a girl thinks a man is better than she is, she just sets right to work to fall in love with him. That's why men have mustaches. A girl knows a man can always beat her at that, and as soon as she recognizes his superiority in anything, why, bang into love she drops.

"Well, Judith began to think he was a very superior sort of fellow, and of course she couldn't help loving what she thought was he, and after a year or so, when he tickled out one day that he would like to come and see her, her heart went so palpitatingly she had to send out for an ice cream.

"After that the whole story had to come out. He had to explain that he was only a ghost, all mind and no body, like a faith-cure scientist. He said he had been jilted by a nice girl like herself and had been allowed to try and console himself with another if he could get one. He admitted his mistake in not saying what he was at first, but he didn't think she would mind, and he found it so easy to sit and tug away at the electric current in the wire, which was just the same to him as the bell-cord to a car conductor, that when he learned the code he couldn't make himself up—he was all mind, you see—to tell her.

"She was furious at first at the imposture and then threatened to have him arrested, forgetting he was beyond the jurisdiction of the courts. He tried to keep up amicable relations with her, but one morning when he was bothering her she called in the office boy and said: 'Johnnie, do you ever go fishing?' If you run down to the market and get me a nice big sucker, I'll buy you a fishing-pole.' Johnnie rushed off and Judith got out a little spirit lamp she kept for tea. Then she tickled him off a message: 'You're just a nasty, mean, hateful old thing, and if you don't go right away I'll drive you out with fish's heart and liver.' He replied it didn't need that. He wasn't aware she had studied the Apocrypha, but he wasn't going to force himself anywhere anyway. So he rattled good-bye, and she'd shoot you if you said 'Ju-Ju-Judith' to her now.

"Yes, she's married and real happy with the bald-headed young man that gave her Volney's Ruins."

ALBERT E. S. SMYTHE.

Sad Hill Philosophy.

OME, come, my dear newly married young man, I have been there and know all about it. Although my hair—what was left after my third wife got through with it—is now as white as the driven snow, and I have only got one old tooth to eat my bread with, time was when I was a Jimmy-lulu and could hold my own with the rest of 'em.

I know how it was with you. You got stuck on a girl. That has been the way with all of us. You begin to love almost at once. Nobody blames you. Love is a curious thing. It turns a strong man inside out and topside down without his realizing that he has even busted a suspender or lost a collar-button. It keeps him awake while policemen are soundly sleeping, and it turns his taste from huckleberry pie to gum-drops and poetry. He becomes tender. He sighs. He can't pass a straw-stack or hogpen without sentiment bubbling up to make him look around for autumn leaves, fairies, four-leaved clovers and other things with no market value to speak of.

You pursue the object of your affections. You'd have you and jump at the chance, and there is no need to waste a month's time over it, but that's a way we have all fallen into. We linger by the wayside. We doubt—we are jealous—we despair, when the girl is all the time wondering why in Tom Jones we don't speak right up and have done with it. Three times have I loved, and that was invariably the programme. You finally marry. 'Tis well. I am a little under the weather, as I remarked at the beginning, but we have had an eye on No. 4 for some considerable time back. You fondly believe that you have married the nicest woman on the face of the earth. You are even as ass enough to tell her so and admit the fact to your mother-in-law besides. You vowed never to speak a cross word. You took your affidavits never to have a secret from her. You were clothed in a suit to raise your paw to heaven and promise never to leave her side for an hour after dark.

After about four weeks—what? She toes in when she walks. There are freckles on her face and a mole on her chin. Has opinions of her own and jaws back. Subject to headaches, teeth want plugging and is slightly surprised when she asks for \$50 pin-money and you can't sell out. You awake with a start. You take a sudden start from the top limb of romance to the hard earth of reality. You take a walk around the block and kick yourself as you go to see if it's you or some other chap.

Now here is where I want to come in. In the painful shock of your first awakening don't do anything rash. Your first impulse will be to throw yourself madly against a razor or waste powder on your head, or precipitate yourself into the water supply of your town. Don't do it. Hang right on as the rest of us have done. It takes time, my boy, to get used to the erratic ways of a mother-in-law, but the sooner you lay yourself out to make a study of her, as you would a war map, the sooner you will detect her weak points and make yourself solid. Fathers-in-law also have their queer ways. Some of 'em are cheerfully willing to board and clothe us and supply us with ready cash as an offset to the honor we have done the family by marrying into it, while others don't wait three days before cruelly hinting that we are expected to saw wood and not spread the butter on too thick. Study the old man. If at any time you discover a hunted, despairing look in his eyes, it means that he is hard up and wants to borrow some cold cash. That is your golden opportunity, and don't spoil it by asking for security.

About the time you received your shock your young wife also got her eyes opened. It's about an even thing. Nature intended it that way as a sort of a new basis to start from. Drop the romance business. Drop the tootsy-wootsy-ducky-goo-goo business. Cease wanting to die for her to show the depth of your affection and come down to every day life and posse yourself on the price of pork and potatoes. There will be occasions when she will meet you at the door with a kiss, and there will be other occasions when you will find her cooing up the holes in the heels of your stockings and wondering to herself why she didn't marry the other fellow. Life has got to be taken on the average, my boy—especially married life. If it was all one way, like the handle on a jug, we'd weary of the monotony. You'll have misunderstandings and rows. You'll have sulks and make-ups. You'll wish you hadn't and you'll be glad that you did. You'll live through it, however, and if your head was properly hinged by nature you'll even grow fat as you grow old. Bless 'em, my boy—bless 'em! I'm over seventy," as I incidentally mentioned, but—yum! yum!—I'm camping on the trail of No. 4, and the track isn't over a day old.—*Silas Compton in Detroit Free Press.*

Humors of Attempted Suicide.

Attempted suicide is hardly a subject with which humor can be very closely associated; nevertheless, the comical occasionally mingles with the tragical. For instance, a Stockport woman, who thought death by drowning preferable to life with her husband, spoilt the otherwise melodramatic effect by not extricating herself from the thralldom of custom. She was on her way to the canal, with the full intention of throwing herself in, when it commenced to rain, and, in consequence, she, with the inconsistency of womankind, returned home for an umbrella. She was afterwards seen to jump into the canal, and even then was holding the open umbrella over her head, and was still clinging to it when rescued.

Some time ago, a Leeds woman, thinking life a burden, committed her body to the waters, and then regretted having done so. Her cries for help were answered by a constable, and after she was rescued, as she clung to her gallant preserver, she ejaculated: "Oh! Mister Pleaceman, am I dead?"

There is a man in Derbyshire, who, no doubt, thinks it is not always good to carry threats and pretenses too far. He was addicted to taking more intoxicants than were good for him, and when "in his cups," if remonstrated with by his wife, would threaten to hang himself.

The climax was one day reached, and he went so far as to procure a rope from premises adjoining his house. One end of the rope he tied round his neck, then climbed on to a wall where there was a convenient branch of a tree, and to which he tied the other end of the rope. After doing this in a most deliberate fashion, and to the amusement of one or two of his neighbors who knew the nature of the man, he commenced stamping about on the wall, when, lo! it suddenly collapsed, and he was left hanging. This turn of affairs apparently greatly amused the watchers, and they failed to rescue him at once. A passer-by, however, seeing the man's position, cut the rope before any great harm was done. The man was duly prosecuted, for attempting to take his life, and his neighbors who had watched him were summoned as witnesses.

"Why did you not at once cut him down?" asked the magistrate of one of the witnesses.

"It was my rope, an' nobut new a fortnight ago," was the reply.—*Tit-Bits.*

Misplaced Generosity.

A Vienna millionaire, in a fit of good humor, offered a beggar in the Ringstrasse a fifty florin note, which the latter, however, declined, saying: "A thousand thanks, but I'd rather you gave me, say, sixpence. It would do me a lot more good." And he gave very substantial reasons for his refusal, notwithstanding which, the generous donor insisted on his accepting the note, and the beggar at last reluctantly complied. Next day the police inspector called upon the Baron and enquired if he had really given fifty florins to a beggar, whom he described. The poor man's apprehensions had thus come true, for he had been arrested the night before on tendering the note in payment for his lodgings.—*Neue Freie Presse.*

Knew His Business.

Briggs—Smallacre is the most economical man I ever saw.
Briggs—What has he done now?
Briggs—He wouldn't propose to his present fiancee until the day before she sailed for Europe.

The Black Poodle.

"Well, I should think so," replied Taller; "I don't suppose you will believe me when I tell you that when he came into my possession he was worth no less than one thousand dollars."

"The spring after you went away," he went on, "having finished my college course, I went over to the other side for the London season. I had planned to supplement this with an extended continental tour. It is easy enough to make plans; carrying them out is another matter."

"I went to London, and in London I stayed long after the time I had allotted to that city had expired. It was there I met Edith. In six weeks we were engaged. The remainder of the summer I passed in Scotland with the family of my fiancee. They had planned to go to Nice when the cold weather came on, and, of course, I determined to go with them. We went as far as Paris together, but, at the last moment, I was detained in that city a few days, and was obliged to allow the rest of the party to proceed without me, promising to join them in a week at the most."

"I had run short of funds and the remittance expected from my father had not arrived. This I did not consider necessary to explain to Edith and her family. I said vaguely that business kept me in Paris. Four days after their departure the letter from my father arrived. He had heard of my engagement and, to my satisfaction, approved of it. Besides the amount expected, he sent an additional thousand dollars, with which he instructed me to buy a suitable present for Edith. As the modest diamond ring I had bought for our engagement had been my only gift, I was pleased and gratified with my father's generous present."

"The following morning I started out in search of something for my dear girl, whom I should be with the very next day. I visited all the leading jewelry stores on the Avenue de l'Opera, and was so confused by the glittering array of gems, spread out to lure the American dollar from wealthy travelers, that I could decide on nothing. My thousand dollars, which had seemed so much, now appeared ridiculously small, and I had almost despaired of finding anything worthy of my beloved when my eyes fell upon an extremely beautiful necklace, consisting of two rows of pearls caught together at intervals by small diamond clasps. It lay in a velvet case of azure blue, and the moment I saw it I decided it was just what I wanted."

"I asked the price. 'Five thousand francs, monsieur,' replied the salesman. "Exactly the sum I had to spend! I was so elated that I forgot to try and beat the man down—a practice I had grown to look upon as essential in all Parisian business transactions—but bought it without a moment's hesitation."

"The little blue box was about to be wrapped up when the salesman discovered some imperfection in the clasp. He was profuse in his apologies, and said that it would be repaired and ready for me the following morning. I explained that this would not do, as I was to leave the city by the night express for Nice. After a moment's hesitation the jeweler promised that I should have it at six o'clock without fail."

"As I was leaving the store I noticed a woman standing by my side. I say I noticed a woman; it would be more correct to say that I noticed a beautiful white hand, with long, taper fingers, on one of which was a diamond of unusual size and brilliancy. In this hand was a small jeweled watch, and as I was leaving the counter I caught a few words spoken in a peculiarly musical voice. I was too full of the thought of Edith's happiness on receiving my gift even to glance at the woman's face, and long before I had reached the sidewalk she was forgotten."

"At six o'clock I returned and, true to his promise, the man had the necklace ready for me. Placing it in the inside pocket of my coat I left the store, and had just time to complete a few remaining arrangements before going to the station. I bought a first-class ticket and tipped the guard, after giving him to understand in my very best French that I did not want him to put other passengers in my compartment. I tucked my traveling rug around my knees, opened a French novel, and was congratulating myself that my liberal tip had produced the desired result, when the door was opened and a woman hurriedly entered the compartment and took the seat next the window on the other side of the car. The door was shut with a slam, the engine gave a shrill whistle and the train started. To say that I was annoyed would be to put it mildly. The solitude I had hoped to enjoy was now impossible, and I must give up the smoke that I was at that moment contemplating. I glanced at my unwelcome companion; she was dressed in mourning of the richest material and in perfect taste. As I was noticing these details, something at her side that I had at first taken for a fur cap moved. It proved to be a black French poodle, and as he sat and turned his head towards me I saw that around his neck he wore a broad silver collar, from which depended a peculiar heart-shaped padlock."

"Turning to my novel I soon forgot the intruders, nor did I again think of them until perhaps half an hour later, when I was startled by feeling something cold and wet pressed against my hand. It was the poodle's nose. He had crawled across the seat and was evidently desirous of making my acquaintance.

"'Chico, come here,' exclaimed a singularly familiar voice. "The dog paid no attention to his mistress, but wagged his tail contentedly as I stroked his curly head."

"'You must excuse my dog, sir,' said my companion. 'He is a great pet and expects everyone to notice him. I am afraid he will annoy you.'

"I protested that he would not, and informed her that I was fond of dogs, poodles in particular. Perhaps my answer was due, in part, to the fact that the woman was young and very beautiful. I only had that minute become aware of this, the light having been too dim in the station to let me see her face; her voice, too, affected me singularly—it was low and sweet, and I was sure that somewhere I had heard it before. I sat for some time vainly trying to recall the circumstances of our meet-

ing, but the more I pondered on it the more hopeless seemed the task.

"A little later on, on looking up I found that my companion was without books or papers, so taking an illustrated magazine from my satchel I offered it to her. She thanked me and smiled sweetly. After a time I grew tired of my novel and resolved to attempt a little conversation with my neighbor. I asked her if she was going to Nice. She replied that she was, and went on to say that her sister, whom she had expected would go with her, had disappointed her at the last moment. She, however, could not wait until the following day, as her father, who was at Nice for his health, had wired her to return at once. She spoke of her dislike for traveling alone, particularly at night, and explained that, as the compartment reserved for ladies was full, she had been obliged to enter mine. She was sorry to intrude, but the train was about to start and the guard had told her all the other seats were taken. I hastened to assure her that I was glad of the lucky chance that had given me so charming a companion. She smiled and asked me if I was to be long in Nice. She chatted on about the place, mentioning the names of many well known people, who, she said, were her friends and whom I should no doubt meet.

"As the evening wore on she opened a basket containing a dainty lunch. 'Would I share it with her?' The cook evidently had a ridiculous idea of her appetite. Why, there was enough for six!" This seemed to be the case; so, as we were by this time very well acquainted, I accepted her invitation and we were soon doing justice to a really excellent lunch.

"'What a charming creature she is,' I thought. 'How Edith will like her.' Growing confidential, I spoke of my errand to Nice, and of the dear girl who was waiting me there. She seemed interested and listened patiently to the recital of my fair one's many charms.

"'You will meet her and can see for yourself if all I say of her is not true,' I exclaimed. 'She will be very grateful to you for having made this stupid journey so pleasant for me.'

"'We will drink her health,' cried my companion gaily, drawing a small silver flask of exquisite workmanship from the depths of her basket. 'I always carry a little cognac with me in case of sickness,' she explained. Opening the flask and filling a dainty glass with the amber liquor, she handed it to me with a radiant smile. 'To Edith's health,' she said.

"I drained the glass. It was brandy of the finest quality I had ever tasted. She seemed to read my thoughts. You are a judge of good liquor. That is Otard of 1870."

"Taking the glass from my hand, she poured a little of the liquor into it and barely touched it with her lips.

"'You must not judge of my good wishes by the amount I take. I wish you all the happiness that life can give, but I cannot drink as you men do; to me it is simply a medicine.'

"Soon after this I began to grow sleepy, and as my companion did not seem inclined to talk I made myself as comfortable as circumstances would permit. I turned my head toward the window, through which the surrounding country could be seen dimly in the moonlight as we rushed along, put a roll of rugs under my head, and resigned myself to a night of discomfort. The next thing it was broad daylight. I awoke with a dull pain in my head, and a sense of weariness that my sleep had rather increased than diminished.

"My companion was sitting by the window reading the book I had given her the night before. On perceiving that I was awake she put down her book and remarked that I was evidently a sound sleeper, and that she envied me. She had passed a wretched night, and was glad that we should soon be in Nice. I thought of Edith, whom I should now see so soon, and then of the surprise I had in store for her. I hoped the necklace would please her; and then, for the first time, it occurred to me that perhaps it would have been better if I had consulted some woman of taste before buying it. A brilliant idea struck me—my companion was just the one to decide. I would ask her opinion. It was not too late to change the necklace for something else if she thought it not suitable. I was sure she would tell me candidly just what she thought.

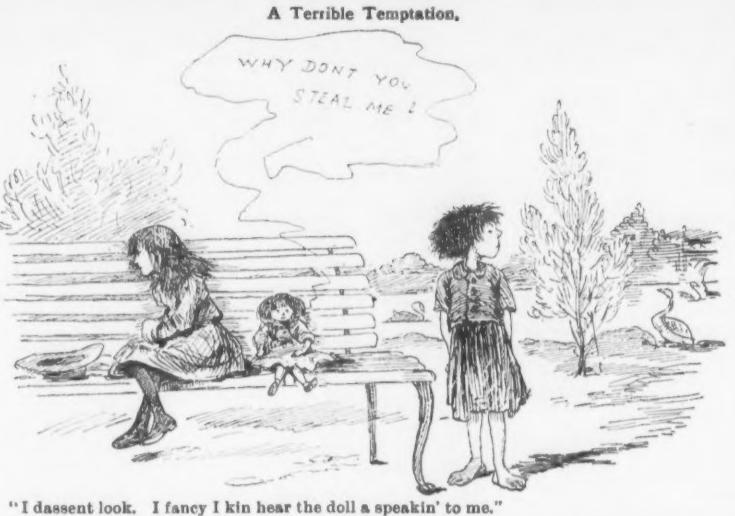
"Unbuttoning my coat, I drew the package from my pocket and laid it on my lap. Removing the wrappings, I opened the little blue case. For a moment I could not believe my eyes—it was empty!

"I turned quickly to my companion: she was leaning forward, motionless, breathless; her face pale, and in her eye a look that I shall never forget. One hand was pressed convulsively over her heart. She had removed her gloves worn the night before, and on one finger blazed a diamond: the one I had seen the previous day at the jeweler's. In an instant I saw it all. I sprang forward and grasped her wrist—roughly, I am afraid.

"'Give me back the necklace, you thief,' I cried. 'I know you. You stood by my side yesterday in the jeweler's shop on the Avenue de l'Opera. I remember that ring and your voice. You heard me say that I was going to Nice by this train. The liquor you gave me was drugged, and you thought to escape before your theft was discovered. It was a very clever scheme, but it has failed. Give me the necklace or I shall turn you over to the police!'

"I stretched out my hand, thinking that seeing the folly of further concealment and the uselessness of denial, she would return the stolen property. I was wrong. She drew herself up haughtily and looked me full in the face. When she spoke it was in a voice that showed no trace of the sweetness which had attracted me.

"'You have brought a serious charge against me,' she said, 'and one of which I am innocent. I am alone and a woman—this with a momentary tremor in her voice that somehow made me ashamed of the way I had spoken to her. 'If, as you say, you have lost a necklace, your only reason for accusing me of having stolen it is that we have been the only occupants of this compartment. The instant you opened the box and found it empty, I saw the awful position that I was placed in. Fortunately, however, I can prove my innocence. Perhaps you may hesitate before again attempting to blackmail an unprotected woman. As soon as we arrive at Nice I shall insist on going at once to the police station, where a thorough



"I dasent look. I fancy I kin hear the doll a speakin' to me."

search of my baggage and person shall be made. I shall then ask you to prove that you ever had a necklace." This remark was accompanied by a smile that was not pleasant to see. 'Until we reach Nice you will not again address me.'

"She leaned back in her seat and turned her face towards the window. I felt rather than saw that she was crying.

"I began to feel uncomfortable. What if, after all, I had been too ready to jump at conclusions and had been mistaken? Was it not possible that the box might have been empty when I received it from the jeweler? I had not seen the necklace after it was left to be repaired, as the box was wrapped up when I called for it.

"My companion had insisted on an investigation that might prove her innocence—an investigation that a guilty woman would never have proposed. Besides this, she had expressed a doubt as to the existence of the necklace, and had accused me of an attempt to blackmail. The more I thought of it the more unpleasant my position became.

"Suddenly my eyes fell on something bright lying on the floor of the carriage. I stooped and picked it up. It proved to be the little heart-shaped padlock I had noticed the night before on the poodle's collar. Like a flash a thought came to me; here might be the solution of the problem; at any rate I would put it to a test. No time must be lost, as we were just entering the station, and in a moment more the guard would open the carriage door. Reaching across the seat with a quick motion I drew the sleeping animal to my side. The woman sprang forward to prevent me, but she was too late: I had already torn the collar from the dog's neck and was holding it to the light that entered dimly through the window from the covered station.

"I breathed a sigh of relief; the inside of the collar contained a hollow groove, and in this groove securely fastened lay the missing necklace. I turned triumphantly to my companion. The door was open; she was gone.

"That morning as I entered Edith's parlor, the little poodle trotted contentedly by my side, and instead of the collar he wore the necklace. As for the woman, I never saw her again."

Taller rose, lighted another cigar, and turning to his companion continued:

"That is why I said when the dog came into my possession he was worth no less a sum than one thousand dollars. And now, in a tone of newly acquired importance, 'come and see baby!'—Tit-Bits.

At the Blackville Games.



Backer of the "Unknown"—Say, Misah Judge, am dere any objections for my man to carry 'bout fibe pounds wid him in disher race?

The Judge—Cert'ly not, if yo's fool 'nough to 'low him to run dat way.



Backer of the "Unknown" (as his man leads down the stretch)—Fo' de lawd! I know he'd do it. Dat's de way he got his trainin'.

All She Wanted to Tell him

A Scotch woman was returning by train from a market town where she had made a few purchases. Just as the last bell rang, a fussy gentleman, elegantly dressed, and with a man-mind-thysel-looking face, rushed into the compartment, flung himself hastily into a corner, pulled out an evening paper and proceeded to devour its contents. Hardly had he become seated when the woman timidly addressed him—

"I'm very sorry, sir, but—"

"I never listen to beggars," fiercely interrupted the gentleman. "If you annoy me further I'll report you."

Kirsty's eyes flashed, then twinkled; she said no more, and the choleric gentleman retired, with an angry frown, behind his paper.

All went merry as a dinner bell until the train arrived at Cromdale, when Kirsty stepping out, again addressed the churlish individual in the corner: "I carena, sir, whether ye report me or not, but I want that pun o'

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August 26, 1893

TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT.

9

Cricket Notes.

VARSITY lawn seems productive of disappointments for those who go there expecting to see close matches. The match with Hamilton was another *fiasco*, and was so completely one-sided as to be almost devoid of interest. Gillespie, who is one of the best all-round men in Canada, and Alexie Martin were absent, but that can hardly account for the extraordinarily small scores of the men from up west, the twenty wickets in the two innings only realizing a fraction over 5 runs each. Marshall, K. Martin, Fleet and Dean put up 40 out of 50 in the first innings, and in the second F. and D. Martin, Ferrie and McCarthy made 40 out of 55; on each occasion only two men reached doubles. It was a case of *tout est perdu pour l'honneur*. The bowling of Ferrie was the only redeeming feature in the Hamilton's play, his analysis reading 21 overs, 9 maidens, 35 runs, 6 wickets, a very good performance considering that a score of 148 was compiled by the Toronto bats, for whom W. Jones made 60 by some very fine cricket. Saunders, Terry, Fliey and W. Cosby did good work for their side with the bat, while Wadsworth, who failed to score, signified himself by doing some of the finest bowling done on Varsity lawn. This player has come to the front wonderfully this year, and a representative team from Ontario would not be complete without him; it augurs well for Canadian cricket when the Varsity and colleges turn out such promising players. His analysis in the two innings was 20 overs, 13 maidens, 35 runs, 10 wickets, a first-rate performance when it is remembered that he bowled unchanged throughout the first innings and through a great part of the second. T. McMaster did very well in the first innings, taking 6 wickets for 10 runs with his slows, which seemed to baffle the batsmen completely. The U. C. C. boy has changed his delivery somewhat and has adopted a style which ought to enable him to bowl all day, but it is extremely dubious whether he will be able to retain the same command over the leather.

The East Toronto men have every reason to congratulate themselves upon the success of their tour, during which they won five matches out of six, being beaten on the first day. They took the opposite direction from that chosen by the Parkdale men and went west to give the shining light of their countenances to the Easterners, where they upheld the honor of Toronto cricketers in a way that did credit to them. They have but one voice in praise of the manner in which they were received and made welcome wherever they went, and tell some great stories of their experiences. The good derived from these tours cannot be exaggerated. The players learn to work together, many of them often show and develop good points in their play which neither themselves nor their comrades knew they possessed, and the fact that they have been comrades on a tour together draws them closer together, like those who have fought through a campaign. The *esprit de corps* of every club is greatly strengthened by these trips, which do a great work in propagating the game in outside clubs. It is rumored that several of the clubs which East Toronto met intend to pick an eleven and come to play the Orients here. They would do well to play at least three matches, which could be very easily arranged with other clubs in the city, and they would profit immensely by it.

Nothing occurred in the Parkdale-Toronto match on the lawn Saturday afternoon worth mentioning, unless perhaps the peculiar green-gosling way in which some of the Parkdale men allowed Laing's slows to seduce them into swiping instead of retreating and cutting on the bounce. Laing shows increasing judgment in changing from gunsheets to bows. Turnbull of Parkdale, who bowls as fast as Laing, also occasionally bowls a slow one, but with a standing delivery which gives the batsman early notice of what is coming. He should use the same delivery throughout. For several years he has been devoting all his time to baseball, but has now settled down to cricket with the Gordon-McKay and Parkdale clubs and it is safe to predict that next year he will be one of the crack bowlers of the Dominion. Another point that came out is this, that Rev. F. W. Terry should be one of the first change bowlers put on in the international match. Laing and Wadsworth were set on Saturday, and it will be noticed in the score that it was Terry who bowled them both. He bowls a lightning round-arm, delivered low and continuing low, which on Saturday had an emphatic in-break of six inches, and so true that almost every ball would, unless played, knock down the outside stump of a right-hand batsman. It is unusual to find a round-arm bowler who finds the exact spot so invariably. If Mr. Terry is captain of the international team he should not let his modesty deter him from trying a few overs when the enemy are making a stand. If he finds he does not get wickets he is an early quitter. Laing and Wadsworth are a great pair when in together. They coach each other on every ball, the idle man telling the other exactly where the ball was pitched and how it was batted; the whole series of comments being remarkable for vigor, emphasis and sincerity. This mutual coaching has benefited both men.

It is time someone spoke out loud on a subject upon which all cricketers feel warmly. There are indications that the committee for selecting the international team are losing their heads again as they do almost every year, and that the international match will once more be only an experiment so far as Canada is concerned. The telegraph wire one morning brought across the continent the report of a game played in British Columbia, in which Sid Saunders and Mr. Campbell (cousin to Lord Lorne) each made centuries. Immediately the committee went stark, staring mad. They communicated with British Columbia at once, asking if the two men could come here and play in the international. Saunders we all know was in international form when here, and it may not have been amiss to spot him as a probable man. But who knows anything about Campbell further than that he made a century on this occasion (the possible softness of the snap not being enquired into) and that

he is a cousin to Lord Lorne! To come right down to the sharp point, who would have thought of inviting Campbell had he been described as a shipping clerk in a canning factory instead of a cousin to Lorne? It requires more than one good score under unknown circumstances to bring such distinction on a shipping clerk. I have nothing against the Lornes and admit the wisdom of choosing gentlemen in preference to "unwashed fellows," but at the same time nearly all cricketers will agree with me that the committee has cheapened the international, and made the Dominion cheap by falling so quickly on its face to this Lorne and his one score. Davy Thompson of East Toronto made a century the other day and made 72 a couple of weeks before that again, yet I have not heard that the committee fell on his neck and kissed him. And Davy is a gentlemanly little fellow, too. Campbell, like Thompson, probably makes more ducks than centuries. If I am not mistaken, Saunders sends word that he could not accept a position on the team, but Campbell writes that he will come if a place is also given to a friend of his whom he describes as a good player. I have sounded the feeling of cricketers in town, and beg to inform the Association that the general opinion is that there is not enough evidence to show that Campbell and his friend are fit for places on the international eleven.

There has already been far too much of this rushing at conclusions—the committee should not be so easily stampeded. Those who attended the game here two years ago on Bloor street will remember the ridiculous exhibition of fielding and batting made by a grandly heralded player from Halifax. We were led to believe him a marvel before the game opened, but found that beyond being a thorough gentleman and looking the picture of a cricketer he had nothing to recommend him. He did not score or show the faintest symptoms of being a scorer. He did not field. Fly catches fell with impunity all around him, ground strokes took constant delight in dodging between his legs, and I firmly believe if a load of hay had been thrown at him he could not have caught a handful. Nothing much was said about it. The committee had been misled by the reports received, that was all. But such experiences should impart a lesson. The committee should not go upon rumor and reports. Choose men who are known. I believe it would not be difficult for the Association to get up an eleven to go to Halifax for a week in July of each year, where the Maritime Province men could be met and their capacity measured and compared with that of Ontario players. There are plenty of cricketers in this province who would gladly spare the time and spend the money necessary for such a trip, if they were given a chance. Let volunteers be called for by the Association next year, and unless a good team can be chosen from among those who respond let the idea be dropped. But unless the comparative play of the maritime men can in this way be gauged, the Association committee should not grope in the dark but should select the men whose capacity is known instead of selecting those who may be better but are generally much inferior.

Why not play a match Toronto vs. the Province if there is anything in the way of the Eastern vs. Western Ontario game? I find that all the prominent cricketers in Toronto whom I can run across are in favor of some such game, but they say talk is all it amounts to, as there is no one to take hold and arrange it. What the mischief is the Ontario Cricket Association for? What is the Canadian Association for? What good are these bodies if they neglect such opportunities for looking after the interests of the game? While these associations exist, individual cricketers do not feel justified in taking action to arrange anything or agitate for anything, whereas if these bodies would own up that they are dead and buried we would know what to do. Cricket has taken a boom this year all over the province; there are more clubs in existence, more men playing the game and more matches being played than ever before. Next year we are promised a cricket weekly and this year more papers are devoting space to cricket news than ever before; it is, therefore, surely unbecoming that the Ontario and the Canadian Cricket Associations should lie side by side either dead or sound asleep all summer. Run the roller over them, somebody!

Laing made quite a bowling record the other day, taking six wickets, I think, in ten balls. This has raised the question of what is the greatest number of wickets taken in any match on successive balls by the same bowler. I have heard several arguing on this and by a strange coincidence an item appears in London *Tit Bits* answering the very same question asked by an English cricketer. *Tit Bits* says: In a match played at the Murthly Asylum, near Perth, on 28th June of this year, against the Dundee Royal Asylum, one of the players in the Murthly team took eight wickets with ten balls for no runs. In one over, with his last ball he took a wicket. Every ball (five) in the next over dismissed a batsman, while with the third and fourth balls on his next over he took two wickets, thus taking eight wickets in ten balls, six successively. Seven out of the eight were clean bowled, and one caught. Playing for Knowe Park vs Dartmouth Park Second Eleven, on June 14, 1890, W. Park took seven wickets with seven consecutive balls. On two occasions six wickets have been taken by a bowler with successive balls in Australia. A. Elliott in an Adelphi Juniors' (South Australia) match, and Fotheringham, for Brooks and Co. vs. Collier and Co. (Victoria), performed this feat. H. Duke took six wickets with six consecutive balls in a match between Odsey and Steeple Morden, May 30, 1892. J. Lee, in Teeting vs. Great Waltham, also performed this feat.

The Canadian record was probably broken on Friday at Pickering, when the Markham Club retired the home eleven for the small total of 4 runs, two of which were extras. Wilson of Markham took 7 wickets for 1 run. It may be said that there was a slanting dish in the pitch, and Wilson (who steps slowly to the wicket, raises his arm almost imperceptibly and then with a sudden jerk sends down a swift over-arm) dropped on it every time so that almost every ball broke and shot. Markham made 33, and Pickering in its second venture

scored 48. This left Markham to make 19 in its second innings to tie and 20 to win. The first four wickets yielded 15 of this number, Pickering fighting every inch of ground. Some of the best bats were yet to go in, but there followed a performance almost as remarkable as the retiring of Pickering for a total of 4, for the six wickets went down for 1 run and it an extra, Pickering thus winning by 3 runs. For the winners during the entire game Joe Clark took 11 wickets for 11 runs, and W. E. Dean, who went on at the opposite end, got 2 wickets for no runs. This game may have broken the Canadian record, and in various ways illustrated the glorious uncertainty of cricket, but the English record beats it, for a game was played in England this season in which an entire eleven were retired without scoring a run, not even an extra.

D. G.

A Glance at the Hand.

How is it that so many amateur palmists neglect the obvious indications of character revealed to the practiced eye in a glance at the back of the hand? This omission is the more inexplicable, as the pursuit of chiromancy may be carried on with vastly more care than the sister science of palmistry. Permission is not always accorded for liberty to inspect a hand and pronounced upon the virtues or shortcomings of its owner, but the outward aspect may be studied without attracting undue attention.

In a crowded railway carriage the time may be blamelessly, if not altogether usefully, employed by an analysis of the characters of our *vis-a-vis*, in cases where they are obliging enough to dispense with gloves.

Perhaps a few of the simplest methods of analyzing character may be given with advantage. If, when the hand is held open, the first and second fingers fall widest apart, the person possesses independence of thought; if, on the contrary, the third and fourth are widest apart, the person is noted for independence of action. Should both these signs be visible, there is great originality and self-reliance. Conventionality and fear of Mrs. Grundy are denoted in the opposite manner by the fingers leaning together, as if for support, and curling towards the palm.

The nails will be found to repay inspection. If short, rather wide than long—with the skin growing high up—they denote a quick temper, love of teasing, with a leaning towards criticism and contradiction. If the skin at the bottom is straight instead of curved, the person will be subject to fits of passionate anger. Very large nails, curved at the bottom, belong to an ideal business man, with a cool and careful head. Fluted nails are ominous signs of consumption. The much-coveted almond nails are indicative of sweet temper, unless rosy pink to the edge, in which case fits of irritation may be expected, of short duration, and quickly succeeded by sunshine.

By means of the thumb alone many deductions may be made: Thus, a thumb bending inwards shows avarice, especially if the fingers lean in the direction of the thumb; the contrary sign is a proof of generosity or even extravagance. A straight thumb is a desirable possession, indicating prudence and good sense; should it be set low down on the hand, the fortunate owner will be endowed with a considerable proportion of talent.

People with small thumbs are inclined to be sentimental and act chiefly from impulse; if the subject of your investigations is a woman, love will be the aim of her existence: she will be more sensitive than intellectual, and more fascinating to the average man than her stronger-minded sisters with the well developed thumbs.

For the comfort of the latter, it may be said that they are never coquettish, and if their love be more a matter of head, it is also more enduring.

Too long a thumb shows a tyrant and despot; if short, but thick at the top, we have before us an awkward customer, excessively obstinate and subject to extremes of joy or anger. Moral, avoid arguments with such a person! —*Tit Bits*.

Circumstances Alter Cases.

Anxious Daughter—Mother, did papa have his salary increased when he was married?

Mother—No, my child.

Anxious Daughter—I don't suppose he had any money saved up, had he?

Mother—Not a penny; he spent all he earned.

Anxious Daughter—Did you get along comfortably?

Mother—We were very happy.

Anxious Daughter—Well, you know, George hasn't been able to save a penny, but—

Mother—See here, if that poverty-stricken fellow dares to show his face here again I'll get your father to throw him out!

A Wasteful Method.

Mr. Oaklot (to pile driver operator)—I'll bet ye a three months' calf that I c'd pull up them stumps in half the time ye can drive 'em down.

The Snap-Shot Era.

He—Will you give me your photograph?

She—I will exchange with you.

He (pressing a button in the head of his cane)

—Ah, a thousand thanks!

She (pressing a button in the handle of her fan)—And I thank you ever so much!

A Gloomy Outlook.

Bingo—There's a big boy waiting for you outside the gate, Bobbie, and he is turning up his brows at the bottom. What does he do that for?

Bobbie (merrily)—I guess he expects to walk in my gore.

She Caused It.

Spencer—And was it the fact that Charlie Gayboy and Mrs. Giddulon came on the same boat which caused all the scandal?

Ferguson—No; it was the fact that Charlie's mother-in-law also happened to be on the boat.

Among Friends.

Willis—Brown says he has a horse for sale.

Wallace—I don't doubt it. I sold him one the other day.

His Weak Point.

Father (impressively)—Listen, Rudolph.

Thirty years ago your father hadn't a dollar.

Now I own railroads, steamboats, banks, real

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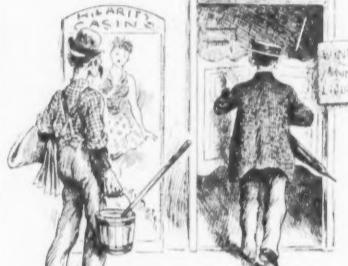
ASK FOR THEM

Brewery at London, Ont., Canada

estate: am a United States senator, feared and respected by all; and remember, Rudolph, all this I accomplished by my terrible will-power and bulldog tenacity.

Rudolph—But you can't shut mamma's mouth when she once gets again', can you, papa?

Why He Reformed.



CURE

Sick Headache and relieve all the troubles incident to a bilious state of the system, such as Dizziness, Nausea, Drunkenness, etc., etc. eating, Pain in the Side, &c. While their most remarkable success has been shown in curing

SICK

Headache, yet CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS are equally valuable in Constipation, curing and preventing this annoying complaint, while they also correct all disorders of the stomach stimulate the liver and regulate the bowels. Even if they only cured

HEAD

Ache they would be almost priceless to those who suffer from this distressing complaint, and for many years past have been used here, and those who once try them will find these little pills valuable in so many ways that they will not be willing to do without them. But after all sick head

ACHE

'tis the bane of so many lives that here is where we make our great boast. Our pills cure it while others do not.

CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS are very small and very easy to take. One or two pills make a dose. They are strictly vegetable and do not grip or purge, but by their gentle action please all who use them. In vials at 25 cents five for \$1. Sold everywhere, or sent by mail

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Music.

THE resignation of Theodore Thomas as musical director of the Columbian Exposition has naturally occasioned considerable comment in the musical press of the neighboring republic. The contradictory nature of the various editorial opinions which have come under my notice would seem to indicate that the great conductor's recent experiences have not left him as entirely friendless as some would lead us to suppose. Many warm champions of Mr. Thomas have sprung up who resent the uncharitable attacks made upon him at a time when so much was at stake and when the eye of the entire musical world was fixed upon the enterprises undertaken by him in connection with the Exposition. Whatever may be the reputation Mr. Thomas had earned as an autocrat, or the character he seems unfortunately to have established for selfishness and jealousy, it cannot be denied that true patriotism would have suggested that during the period of the great Fair every possible help and encouragement should have been lent him. He, of all the great conductors resident in America, has been most intimately associated with the remarkable musical development of the United States and was justly entitled to the appointment at Chicago. The fact that many eminent critics consider several Eastern conductors to be his musical superiors, a matter about which there is as usual a difference of opinion, should not have signified much at this time, for Mr. Thomas' long residence in America and experience with the American people eminently fitted him for the undertaking entrusted to him of exhibiting the musical resources of his adopted country.

Mr. Thomas' labors in Boston and New York have become matters of history. A thorough musician, combining with excellent executive ability high and artistic ideals, it is little wonder that phenomenal progress in music in these two Eastern cities should have resulted such as has influenced the entire country. It has been argued that Mr. Thomas found the country ripe for the reception of his musical doctrines, and that any other competent musician would have accomplished much and given half his life for the same grand opportunity. But this does not always follow. Many eminent men would have lacked the personal qualities which enabled Mr. Thomas to accomplish so much on virgin soil. On the other hand, many would-be musicians who might have been possessed of the self-assurance and energy necessary might have failed through lack of genuine ability and artistic musicianship such as Mr. Thomas has always exhibited in so high a degree. Mr. Thomas' resignation as director of the music at the World's Fair will not affect his engagement with the Chicago Symphony Orchestra, which resumes its work under his direction next October.

The honest success of Mr. Thomas, which even his enemies do not deny him, is in marked contrast to the boastful claims of many musical pioneers whose achievements remind one fondly of the exploits of settlers on prairie land which simply required turning up in order to produce a rich harvest. Unlike Mr. Thomas, however, whose artistic success continues, although public taste and appreciation have materially advanced, these are forced to live on their past record when the character of the soil favored primitive methods of cultivating it. A higher state of cultivation now being demanded, their "work" of the past and their actual achievements of the cruel and more critical present furnish a sad and soul-stirring contrast.

Toronto has been favored during the present summer with several visits by prominent American musicians, all of whom expressed delight with the city as a summer resort. Several of these combined business with pleasure, among them Miss Hortense Hibbard of New York, who took advantage of her visit to study with Mr. H. M. Field during the summer normal term. This must be regarded as a high compliment to Mr. Field, as Miss Hibbard has previously studied under Reinecke and Richter, and subsequently under Liszt, (contemporaneously with Friedheim and Reisenauer) and more recently with Krause of Leipzig. Miss Hibbard has played with considerable success as a concert pianist in New York and Boston. Miss Adelina Hibbard, a sister of the young lady referred to, also spent several weeks in the city. Miss Adelina is a popular New York vocalist and has sung under Van de Stucken in that city, also with the Beethoven Quartette. Her studies in Europe were pursued under Marchesi in Paris, the teacher of Nevada, and latterly with Signor Olivieri, who numbers among his pupils Nordica, Eames, La Salle and the De Reszkes. Miss Hibbard was the first American to sing in the exclusive society Le Trompe de Paris, of which Gounod and St. Saens are members. Mr. Field with commendable enterprise has engaged Miss Hibbard to render several vocal selections at his approaching Liszt recital.

Signor Viegas, maestro of the vocal art from Milan, Italy, has been engaged to take charge of vocal classes at the Toronto College of Music and at Loretto Abbey.

Mr. Edward Fisher, director of the Toronto Conservatory of Music, who recently visited England for the purpose of engaging an instructor in the theory of music and examiner in that department of the Conservatory work, has secured the services of Mr. J. Humphrey Anger, Mus. Bac., a graduate of Oxford University and an F.C.O., England. Mr. Anger is expected in Toronto for the beginning of next season's work at the Conservatory, which opens on September 4.

Other important additions to the staffs of our leading musical institutions have already been referred to in this column, the most prominent of which are the appointments of Mr. Arthur E. Fisher, Mus. Bac., as principal of the theoretical department of the College of Music, and Mr. W. O. Forsyth as piano instructor at the Conservatory.

Mr. J. D. A. Tripp, who is spending the summer at Rice Lake, visited the city on Monday

last and found awaiting him an invitation, dated July 28, from the Musical Bureau of the World's Fair, to give a piano forte recital at the Exposition at some convenient date. As Mr. Tripp's arrangements for the coming months had already been made he was forced to decline. This graceful compliment to Mr. Tripp's ability as a pianist, coming as it does from so high a source, furnishes further evidence of the stand which is now being taken by this city as a progressive center of musical activity in certain branches of study, and the high regard entertained abroad for its solo artists.

One of the most interesting and enjoyable features of the British Military Tournament held during the early part of the week was the excellent band accompanying the troops. Although the character of the music rendered by them in connection with the military movements was not calculated to display their artistic and technical ability to the best advantage, there was something refreshing in the beautifully even quality of tone produced by them and the excellent intonation which was always present in their playing. The average bandmaster might have learned a valuable lesson in phrasing and accentuation even in the simple melodies and marches rendered by this organization on the occasion mentioned.

M Guilmant, the great French organist, is expected to arrive in America in a few days, and gives his first recital in Chicago on August 31. Through the enterprise of Mr. T. G. Mason, of Mason & Risch, we are to hear this gifted musician on September 19 in the Metropolitan church. Mr. Mason informs me that Mr. Clarence Eddy of Chicago, the eminent American organist, will, in all probability, visit Toronto professionally during the coming season. These two events should be specially noted by all lovers of organ music.

The London *Musical News* of July 12 speaks in highly complimentary terms of the Toronto College of Music and its work. Mention is also made of the work of the Orchestral School, from which it is stated good results may be expected although it has as yet "mainly restricted itself to the performance of somewhat light and unambitious music." In speaking of the Philharmonic Society the *News* states that, "The list of works performed during the last twenty years is a very fair record, but the instrumental record is decidedly weaker; for it does not even include one complete symphony of Beethoven's." Toronto is spoken of as the "foremost town of the Dominion," (a statement which is somewhat flattering) and a high tribute is paid Mr. F. H. Torrington for the enterprise and thought which he has brought to bear upon work with which he has been associated since his arrival in Toronto.

Miss Norah Clench, the talented Canadian violinist, has returned to her native land and is visiting friends in Hamilton. Miss Clench will shortly be heard in concert work in this city.

Moderato.

Belleville and Massassaga Park.

Owing to a few weeks' absence from the city on a holiday tour, I am rather behind with my news, but now since I have again buckled down to work I hope to keep abreast with the society news of the day.

Daring my absence Mrs. Harry Corby gave a delightful dancing party at Massassaga Park. Mr. Corby's steam yacht, Omata, took the jolly party down at half past eight. Prof. Rigg's orchestra supplied the music for the dancing at the Park. A very substantial and toothsome supper was served at twelve, after which the party returned to the city. The grounds and hotels were brilliantly illuminated for the occasion, and altogether it was the most pleasant party given at the Park this season. Mrs. Corby was assisted by her daughters, Miss McKenzies of Toronto, Miss Walker, Miss Stinson, Miss Kelsie, Miss Bone, Miss Davy, Miss Thomas, Miss Foster, Miss Lingham, Miss May Lingham, the Misses Elliott, Miss Annie Wallbridge, Miss Clarke, Miss Milburn, Miss Newberry, Miss Clute, Miss Burlette, Miss Thomson, Miss Vennor of Kingston, Miss Dickson of Kingston, Miss Wragge, Miss Ethel Robertson, Miss Sadie Hungerford and Misses Elliott of Chicago, Dickson of Kingston, Luttrell, Cutler, Moore, Harold Armstrong, Roberts, Brown, Huime, Herbert Huime, Starling, Thomas, Ballou of New York, Biggar, Dupuis, Terrill, Butler, Morden, Clute, Thomson, John Thompson, and Matheson.

On Friday evening, August 4, Mrs. Caldwell of the White House gave a pleasant dancing party to about forty of the young people. Mrs. Caldwell received her guests in a handsome black gown, embroidered in silver and diamond ornaments, while Miss Annie Wallbridge wore a dainty mauve gown trimmed with white silk. Among the guests were: Misses Corby, Elliott, Dickson of Kingston, Miss Ethel Robertson, Denmark, Walker, Hamilton, Davy, May Lingham, Newberry, Vennor of Montreal, Dickson, Wragge, and Misses Elliott of Chicago, Dickson of Kingston, Herbert Hulme of Toronto, Terrill, Butler, Morden, Thomson, John Thomson, Dickson, Laidlaw, Wallbridge of Toronto, Stanton, Capt. Hellwell and Mayor Wallbridge. Among the particularly noticeable gowns were: Miss Corby's dainty yellow silk, Miss Helen Corby's girlish costume of cream silk, Miss Elliott's *eau de Nil* silk with velvet sleeves, Miss Hamilton's *eau de Nil* with valenciennes lace trimmings and corsage bouquet of scarlet geraniums, Miss Dickson's graceful gown of cream silk with black velvet trimmings, Miss Denmark's yellow silk, Miss Robertson's handsome black lace gown with exquisite pearl necklace, Miss Wragge's ivory white satin, Miss Vennor's pale pink gown with trimmings of white chiffon, Miss Newberry's pretty mauve silk, Miss Davy's pale blue chiffon, Miss Lingham's cream bengaline, and Miss Walker's dainty flowered delaine.

Miss Wragge gave a high tea on Thursday afternoon in honor of Miss Vennor of Montreal. Among the guests were: Misses Hamilton, Wilkins, McCuaig of Ottawa, Stewart of Madoc, Walker, Dickson of Kingston, Milburn, and others.

Mr. J. D. A. Tripp, who is spending the summer at Rice Lake, visited the city on Monday

Hungerford, Mrs. F. P. C. Phillips and Messrs. Butler, Dickson, Walker and Armstrong.

Mrs. Shaugran gave a tea in honor of Miss Vennor of Montreal.

Mr. Stewart of Madoc and Miss McCuaig of Ottawa.

Mr. Wm. Wallbridge, barrister of Toronto, is visiting his mother, Mrs. Frank Wallbridge.

Mr. Ballou of New York is the guest of his brother-in-law, Mr. W. H. Biggar, M.P.

Mr. Corby, M.P., and family, and Mr. N. E. Thomson and family returned on Monday, per steamer Omata, from Ottawa.

A gay party of ladies and gentlemen left on Saturday last for a cruise around the bay on John Bell's beautiful yacht, the Norah.

A jolly crowd of Torontonians came in on the schooner yacht Hecies and remained over night, when they left for Kingston and the Thousand Isles.

A party of thirty left per steamer North King on Sunday night last for Rochester, where they will take the New York Central for Chicago. It is very peculiar that Bellevillians can visit Rochester before going to the World's Fair and yet save seven dollars and a quarter on the trip.

Commodore White's yacht, Onward, of Rochester, dropped anchor in the bay on Saturday, August 12, and the party of fourteen awoke

the echoes of the city till long after midnight.

Miss Maude Hamilton gave a charming tennis party on Saturday last on the Belleville grounds.

One of our most charming hostesses will soon issue invitations for a large *peiro* party.

Capt. A. C. Cuthbert, after visiting all the American and Canadian cities during the past year, is renewing old acquaintances.

Mrs. (Dr.) Dulmudge has returned home from a two weeks' visit among friends in Cobourg and Brighton.

BETSEY.

Brockville.

Mr. C. J. Griffin has returned to the Soo after a brief visit among friends and relatives.

Miss Julia Mallow of Ogdensburg, N.Y., is visiting Mrs. (Major) J. M. Walsh.

Miss Edith Linton is visiting Miss Lewis at Oriental Isle, one of our beauty spots.

Mrs. F. E. Kaufman has Mrs. J. M. Ellis of Alexandria Bay as a guest.

Miss Ouida Williams has returned to Owen Sound after a pleasant visit to her old home, where she has many admirers.

Mr. Fred Burnham is away on his annual holiday.

Misses Minnie and Eva Rudderham of North Sydney, C.B., are the guests of Mr. Weeks of Broad street.

Der Vaterland sends us two wealthy visitors in Ludwig Kepelkousley and Theodore Fenning, *en route* to the World's Fair.

Mr. Alf. Manhood is visiting his old home after an absence of ten years in the Western States.

Miss Norah Clench, the talented Canadian violinist, has returned to her native land and is visiting friends in Hamilton. Miss Clench will shortly be heard in concert work in this city.

Moderato.

THE TORONTO COLLEGE OF MUSIC
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F. H. TORRINGTON, Musical Director.

FALL TERM OPENS MONDAY, SEPTEMBER 4

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Fall Term, Monday, Sept. 4

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Social and Personal.*Continued from Page Two.*

there. The Misses Richardson are of Qash ec, and intend spending a week or so in Toronto, where they will be the guests of Mrs. (Dr.) Wishart of St. Vincent street.

The Rev. Mr. Revelle and bride (*nee* Miss Woolsey) have reached their home in Montecello, Me. Mr. Revelle's congregation gave him and his bride a right royal reception.

Miss May Hughes is spending a delightful time at Hartford Furnace, Baltimore.

Mr. and Mrs. James Haverson are home from Peninsular Park.

Mr. and Mrs. John Gilmore, Sacramento, Cal., who have been doing the World's Fair, are now in the city renewing old acquaintances of forty years ago, they having been absent from Toronto nearly that long.

Miss Edith L. Dixon of 105 Spadina road has gone for a holiday visit to her grandfather, in London, Ont.

Misses Maggie and Bella Case of Seaford are spending a couple of weeks with Mrs. John Aird, 463 Dovercourt road.

The marriage of Miss Ethel Jones, daughter of the late Owen Jones, and Mr. Corry Wood of Vancouver, B.C., will take place on Wednesday, September 6, at the Church of the Redeemer.

Mrs. and the Misses Smart of Jarvis street are spending some time at the Penetanguishene Hotel.

Dr. Allen Baines of Simcoe street was the guest of Mrs. (Dr.) Temple at DeGrassi Point last Saturday.

"Mr. H. L. Hees of St. George street has returned to town."

Mr. C. Cliffe, editor of the Brandon Mail, accompanied by Mrs. Cliffe, arrived in town on Tuesday, and will spend two or three days.

Mr. Fred Wyld has returned from a month's sojourn at the Canadian seaside. He visited Nova Scotia and Cape Breton.

Rev. Dr. Burton left on Wednesday on a trip to Nova Scotia.

Lieut.-Colonel Fred C. Denison has returned from Bisley.

Miss Jessie M. Fisher of O'Hara avenue has returned from a most enjoyable visit with friends in Hamilton. Misses Lillie M. and Lotte are enjoying their vacation with friends in Oshawa and Whitby.

A legal friend writes to me as follows: "One day last week I happened to be spending a few hours at Niagara Falls, Canada side, and observing that the Royal Grenadiers' band of Toronto was playing the Star Spangled Banner and other American national airs in front of the hotel where I was staying, I enquired and found out that Governor Foster and party of Louisiana were making a short stay on the Canadian side, and on looking over the hotel register I found amongst the rest the name of a Toronto acquaintance, who gave me the following particulars: Governor Foster and family, on their way to the World's Fair, had come in the Governor's private car to spend a couple of weeks at Humberstone Club, Lake Erie, and that Mr. John Barkley of New Orleans, one of the members, had made up a party to visit the Falls in the Governor's car. Amongst those present were: Governor and Mrs. Foster of Baton Rouge, Mr. and Mrs. John Barkley and Mrs. Woods of New Orleans, Mrs. Wm. Gaeris of Baton Rouge, Mr. and Mrs. W. T. Falls of Memphis, Tenn., Mrs. H. S. Mara of Toronto. The Governor expressed his appreciation of the act of international courtesy on the part of the Grenadiers' band, and I understand has expressed his desire to become a member of the Humberstone Club and build a summer home for himself and family."

The Aquatic Association of Center Island held last Saturday a most successful afternoon of aquatic sports. In the evening the annual dance concluded the day's amusements, and was attended by a large number, both from town and from the Island. Afternoon and Island costume was *de rigueur*, and a merry time was spent.

Mr. and Mrs. J. Herbert Mason have entertained a large number of friends at Chief's Island, their Muskoka home, this summer.

Mr. and Mrs. Janes have entertained several distinguished visitors at Benvenuto during the summer.

The officers of the Q.O.R. have reason to congratulate themselves on the success of the English military tournament. The English officers were entertained at luncheon on the Cruiser on Wednesday.

The little bird says: That it was pretty to hear our Lady of Government House assure Captain Gordon she was a Canadian. That Mrs. Boyce Thompson and her golden-haired little son made a pretty group on the paddock. That the crowd outside the gates was the hottest, the closest and the most good-natured ever known. That an inebriated old gentleman in kilts was recommended by a maiden lady to go home and put trowsers on and behave himself. That the Zulus died delightfully. That an old lady was glad to see the netting stretched to protect the audience from the bullets. That a "widder" lost veil, bonnet and bangs in the jam at the gate. That several well known city swells entered the grounds collarless and in their shirt sleeves. That a too talkative party was asked to keep his mouth shut, thereby making more room for the crowd. That a woman and two children got seven transfers apiece on one red ticket between five and six thirty on Wednesday.

I was lately privileged to admire an exquisite piece of work done by Mr. William Revell of Ontario street, it being an address on illuminated boards, and richly bound in book form in maroon and gold by Brown Bros. Mr. Revell's

dainty and intricate workmanship can only be fully appreciated by one who has tried and realized the difficulty of the art of illuminating. The address is beautifully worded and is a great credit to its composers. It is intended as a farewell tribute from Bond street congregation to Rev. Joseph Wild.

So far this season at Port Sandfield has been particularly successful, its reputation for harmless gaiety being in nowise on the wane. The eighth annual regatta which took place on Wednesday and Thursday of last week proved the best on record of the Muskoka district. The managing committee showed considerable judgment, both in its arrangement of the events and its selection of prizes therefor, and the contestants and audience seemed equally well satisfied with the entire affair. The following gentlemen comprised the committee: Messrs. Frank J. Phillips, Walter Read, Robt. Hodge, A. W. Ballantyne, Owen A. Smily, Biggar, Ed. Cox and George Carruthers. Wednesday's events were entirely muscular in character, viz., sculling and canoeing contests and swimming races. On Thursday sailing races were the chief events, the greatest interest centering round the yacht race for the Port Sandfield silver challenge cup and pennant. The general opinion was that Mr. Millichamp, who carried off the prize last year, would again prove victorious, but in sailing under the swing bridge to the starting point Mr. Millichamp miscalculated the length of his mast with the result that the timber, catching under the bridge, snapped off, thus giving the race to Mr. F. Warren, who, however, very gallantly offered to postpone the race. On Wednesday evening a very successful concert took place in the ball-room under the direction of Mr. Owen A. Smily, in addition to whom the following artistes took part: Miss Bessie Clark, Miss Nellie Gordon, Mr. Walter Read, Master Mouse Fletcher, the Port Sandfield Quartette, Messrs. Fletcher, Moore, May and Bickford, and the Misses Morrison. The annual hop, which took place after the distribution of prizes on Thursday night, was largely attended, the floor being in perfect condition, and the dancing kept up till a late, or rather early, hour. Following are the regatta events and their winners:

1. Double scull, Capt. Laurie and Mr. Morton.
2. Double scull, ladies, Misses Cox and Burgess; Misses Bessie Clark and Hattie Craig second.
3. Double canoe, gentlemen, Messrs. Jones and McMurdoch.
4. Double canoe, lady and gentleman, Mr. R. Hayter and Miss Theo Watson.
5. Single scull, lady, Miss Langton.
6. Single scull, Mr. Harry May.
7. Double scull, boys under 14, Masters Campbell and Carrington.
8. Gentlemen's swimming race, Mr. O. L. Bickford.
9. Boys' swimming race, Master Wyatt.
10. Yacht race, Mr. F. Warren.
11. Sailing canoe, Mr. Harry Lee.
12. Greasy pole, Master McLeod.
13. Tub race, Miss Gordon.
14. Blindfold swimming race, Mr. W. B. Lillie.

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Stratford

Miss F. Larkworthy is visiting in Toronto. Mr. John Hay of Portland, Oregon, is in the city, the guest of Mrs. McKie-Wilson. Mr. W. Mowat, Mr. A. C. Mowat and Miss Jean Mowat are spending a vacation in Toronto.

W. J. Elliott of the Central Business College, Toronto, spent a few days in the city.

Mr. A. A. Matthews, the wealthy leather magnate of Sarnia, is in the city.

Assistant P. O. Inspector Malony is at the Chicago Fair.

Mr. D. G. Baxter spent a few days last week in Toronto, where he has some large buildings.

Mr. Kilvert of the Bank of Montreal is visiting his parents in Hamilton.

Mrs. A. McLennan and daughter, of Owen Sound, are in the city.

Miss Dunsmore is visiting in Clinton.

Miss Kelly of Acton is the guest of Mrs. Jas. Kennedy of Brunswick avenue.

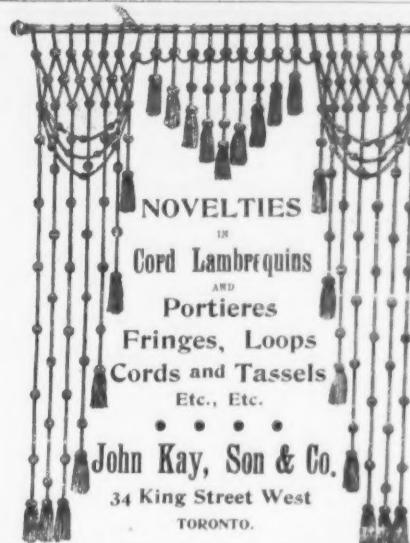
Mrs. (Dr.) J. P. Rankin has returned home from a very pleasant trip to Toronto.

Sir Hugh Campbell, leader of the North Perth Conservative party, leaves shortly for Chicago Fair.

QUILDRIVER.

Orillia.

A most charming picnic was given on Wednesday, August 9, by Mr. Pellatt of Southwood Hall, Orillia, and Mr. Wade of Orillia, to Horse-Shoe Island in Lake Couchiching. The triple combination of pleasant people, perfect arrangements for the enjoyment and glorious weather, made the day one long to be remembered by those present. The event of the day was the christening of Mr. Pellatt's new steam yacht. Mrs. Pellatt performed the ceremony, and the yacht was given her pretty name, Lorna Doon, amidst rousing cheers. Among those present were: Mr. and Mrs. Pellatt, Mr. and Mrs. Wade, the Misses Wade, Miss Pellatt, Mrs. R. B. Hamilton, Miss Hamilton, Miss Murphy of Port Hope, the Misses Beeton, Miss Ladlaw, Mrs. Waters, the Misses Elliott of New Orleans, Mrs. and Miss Ardagh, Mrs. Muir, Miss Polsette, Mrs. Charles Fitton, Miss McCosh, Miss Ramsay, Mrs. Harvey, the Misses Grange, Mrs. and the Misses Moore, the Misses Green of Toronto, Miss Wharin, Miss Thompson, Miss Mulcahy, Miss Robinson, and Messrs. Pellatt, Wade, Grant, Scott, Ambrose, Lee, Muir, Darby, Strathy, Beeton, Robinson, Greene, Cronyn, Tucker and Drs. A. E. and A. R. Ardagh.



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The Black Poodle.

"Well, I should think so," replied Taller; "I don't suppose you will believe me when I tell you that when he came into my possession he was worth no less than one thousand dollars."

"The spring after you went away," he went on, "having finished my college course, I went over to the other side for the London season. I had planned to supplement this with an extended continental tour. It is easy enough to make plans; carrying them out is another matter."

"I went to London, and in London I stayed long after the time I had allotted to that city had expired. It was there I met Edith. In six weeks we were engaged. The remainder of the summer I passed in Scotland with the family of my fiancee. They had planned to go to Nice when the cold weather came on, and, of course, I determined to go with them. We went as far as Paris together, but, at the last moment, I was detained in that city a few days, and was obliged to allow the rest of the party to proceed without me, promising to join them in a week at the most."

"I had run short of funds and the remittance expected from my father had not arrived. This I did not consider necessary to explain to Edith and her family. I said vaguely that business kept me in Paris. Four days after their departure the letter from my father arrived. He had heard of my engagement and, to my satisfaction, approved of it. Besides the amount expected, he sent an additional thousand dollars, with which he instructed me to buy a suitable present for Edith. As the modest diamond ring I had bought for our engagement had been my only gift, I was pleased and gratified with my father's generous present."

"The following morning I started out in search of something for my dear girl, whom I should be with the very next day. I visited all the leading jewelry stores on the Avenue de l'Opera, and was so confused by the glittering array of gems, spread out to lure the American dollar from wealthy travelers, that I could decide on nothing. My thousand dollars, which had seemed so much, now appeared ridiculously small, and I had almost despaired of finding anything worthy of my beloved when my eyes fell upon an extremely beautiful necklace, consisting of two rows of pearls caught together at intervals by small diamond clasps. It lay in a velvet case of azure blue, and the moment I saw it I decided it was just what I wanted."

"I asked the price. 'Five thousand francs, monsieur,' replied the salesman."

"Exactly the sum I had to spend! I was so elated that I forgot to try and beat the man down—a practice I had grown to look upon as essential in all Parisian business transactions—but bought it without a moment's hesitation."

"The little blue box was about to be wrapped up when the salesman discovered some imperfection in the clasp. He was profuse in his apologies, and said that it would be repaired and ready for me the following morning. I explained that this would not do, as I was to leave the city by the night express for Nice. After a moment's hesitation the jeweler promised that I should have it at six o'clock without fail."

"As I was leaving the store I noticed a woman standing by my side. I said I noticed a woman; it would be more correct to say that I noticed a beautiful white hand, with long, taper fingers, on one of which was a diamond of unusual size and brilliancy. In this hand was a small jeweled watch, and as I was leaving the counter I caught a few words spoken in a peculiarly musical voice. I was too full of the thought of Edith's happiness on receiving my gift even to glance at the woman's face, and long before I had reached the sidewalk she was forgotten."

"At six o'clock I returned and, true to his promise, the man had the necklace ready for me. Placing it in the inside pocket of my coat I left the store, and had just time to complete a few remaining arrangements before going to the station. I bought a first-class ticket and tipped the guard, after giving him to understand in my very best French that I did not want him to put other passengers in my compartment. I tucked my traveling rug around my knees, opened a French novel, and was congratulating myself that my liberal tip had produced the desired result, when the door was opened and a woman hurriedly entered the compartment and took the seat next the window on the other side of the car. The door was shut with a slam, the engine gave a shrill whistle and the train started. To say that I was annoyed would be to put it mildly. The solitude I had hoped to enjoy was now impossible, and I must give up the smoke that I was at that moment contemplating. I glanced at my unwelcome companion: she was dressed in mourning of the richest material and in perfect taste. As I was noticing these details, something at her side that I had at first taken for a fur cap moved. It proved to be a black French poodle, and as he sat and turned his head towards me I saw that around his neck he wore a broad silver collar, from which depended a peculiar heart-shaped padlock."

"Turning to my novel I soon forgot the intruders, nor did I again think of them until perhaps half an hour later, when I was startled by feeling something cold and wet pressed against my hand. It was the poodle's nose. He had crawled across the seat and was evidently desirous of making my acquaintance. 'Chico, come here,' exclaimed a singularly familiar voice.

"The dog paid no attention to his mistress, but wagged his tail contentedly as I stroked his curly head."

"You must excuse my dog, sir," said my companion. "He is a great pet and expects everyone to notice him. I am afraid he will annoy you."

"I protested that he would not, and informed her that I was fond of dogs, poodles in particular. Perhaps my answer was due, in part, to the fact that the woman was young and very beautiful. I only had that minute become aware of this, the light having been too dim in the station to let me see her face; her voice, too, affected me singularly—it was low and sweet, and I was sure that somewhere I had heard it before. I sat for some time vainly trying to recall the circumstances of our meet-

ing, but the more I pondered on it the more hopeless seemed the task."

"A little later on, on looking up I found that my companion was without books or papers, so taking an illustrated magazine from my satchel I offered it to her. She thanked me and smiled sweetly. After a time I grew tired of my novel and resolved to attempt a little conversation with my neighbor. I asked her if she was going to Nice. She replied that she was, and went on to say that her sister, whom she had expected would go with her, had disappointed her at the last moment. She, however, could not wait until the following day, as her father, who was at Nice for his health, had wired her to return at once. She spoke of her dislike for traveling alone, particularly at night, and explained that, as the compartment reserved for ladies was full, she had been obliged to enter mine. She was sorry to intrude, but the train was about to start and the guard had told her all the other seats were taken. I hastened to assure her that I was glad of the lucky chance that had given me so charming a companion. She smiled and asked me if I was to be long in Nice. She chatted on about the place, mentioning the names of many well known people, who, she said, were her friends and whom I should no doubt meet.

"As the evening wore on she opened a basket containing a dainty lunch. 'Would I share it with her? The cook evidently had a ridiculous idea of her appetite. Why, there was enough for six!' This seemed to be the case; so, as we were by this time very well acquainted, I accepted her invitation and we were soon doing justice to a really excellent lunch.

"What a charming creature she is," I thought. "How Edith will like her." Growing confidential, I spoke of my errand to Nice, and of the dear girl who was waiting me there. She seemed interested and listened patiently to the recital of my fair one's many charms.

"You will meet her and can see for yourself if all I say of her is not true," I exclaimed. "She will be very grateful to you for having made this stupid journey so pleasant for me."

"We will drink her health," cried my companion gaily, drawing a small silver flask of exquisite workmanship from the depths of her basket. "I always carry a little cognac with me in case of sickness," she explained. Opening the flask and filling a dainty glass with the amber liquid, she handed it to me with a radiant smile. "To Edith's health," she said.

"I drained the glass. It was brandy of the finest quality I had ever tasted. She seemed to read my thoughts. You are a judge of good liquor. That is Otard of 1870."

"Taking the glass from my hand, she poured a little of the liquor into it and barely touched it with her lips.

"You must not judge of my good wishes by the amount I take. I wish you all the happiness that life can give, but I cannot drink as you men do; to me it is simply a medicine."

"Soon after this I began to grow sleepy, and as my companion did not seem inclined to talk I made myself as comfortable as circumstances would permit. I turned my head toward the window, through which the surrounding country could be seen dimly in the moonlight as we rushed along, put a roll of rugs under my head, and resigned myself to a night of discomfort. The next thing it was broad daylight. I awoke with a dull pain in my head, and a sense of weariness that my sleep had rather increased than diminished.

"My companion was sitting by the window reading the book I had given her the night before. On perceiving that I was awake she put down her book and remarked that I was evidently a sound sleeper, and that she envied me. She had passed a wretched night, and was glad that we should soon be in Nice. I thought of Edith, whom I should now see so soon, and then of the surprise I had in store for her. I hoped the necklace would please her; and then, for the first time, it occurred to me that perhaps it would have been better if I had consulted some woman of taste before buying it. A brilliant idea struck me—my companion was just the one to decide. I would ask her opinion. It was not too late to change the necklace for something else if she thought it not suitable. I was sure she would tell me candidly just what she thought."

"Unbuttoning my coat, I drew the package from my pocket and laid it on my lap. Removing the wrappings, I opened the little blue case. For a moment I could not believe my eyes—it was empty!

"I turned quickly to my companion: she was leaning forward, motionless, breathless; her face pale, and in her eye a look that I shall never forget. One hand was pressed convulsively over her heart. She had removed her gloves worn the night before, and on one finger blazed a diamond: the one I had seen the previous day at the jeweler's. In an instant I saw it all. I sprang forward and grasped her wrist—roughly, I am afraid.

"Give me back the necklace, you thief," I cried. "I know you. You stood by my side yesterday in the jeweler's shop on the Avenue de l'Opera. I remember that ring and your voice. You heard me say that I was going to Nice by this train. The liquor you gave me was drugged, and you thought to escape before your theft was discovered. It was a very clever scheme, but it has failed. Give me the necklace or I shall turn you over to the police."

"I stretched out my hand, thinking that seeing the folly of further concealment and the uselessness of denial, she would return the stolen property. I was wrong. She drew herself haughtily and looked me full in the face. When she spoke it was in a voice that showed no trace of the sweetness which had attracted me.

"You have brought a serious charge against me," she said, "and one of which I am innocent. I am alone and a woman—with a momentary tremor in her voice that somehow made me ashamed of the way I had spoken to her. 'If, as you say, you have lost a necklace, your only reason for accusing me of having stolen it is that we have been the only occupants of this compartment. The instant you opened the box and found it empty, I saw the awful position that I was placed in. Fortunately, however, I can prove my innocence. Perhaps you may hesitate before again attempting to blackmail an unprotected woman. As soon as we arrive at Nice I shall insist on going at once to the police station, where a thorough

A Terrible Temptation.

"I dassent look. I fancy I kin hear the doll a speakin' to me."

search of my baggage and person shall be made. I shall then ask you to prove that you ever had a necklace." This remark was accompanied by a smile that was not pleasant to see. "Until we reach Nice you will not again address me."

"She leaned back in her seat and turned her face towards the window. I felt rather than saw that she was crying.

"I began to feel uncomfortable. What if, after all, I had been too ready to jump at conclusions and had been mistaken? Was it not possible that the box might have been empty when I received it from the jeweler? I had not seen the necklace after it was left to be repaired, as the box was wrapped up when I called for it.

My companion had insisted on an investigation that might prove her innocence—an investigation that a guilty woman would never have proposed. Besides this, she had expressed a doubt as to the existence of the necklace, and had accused me of an attempt to blackmail. The more I thought of it the more unpleasant my position became.

"Suddenly my eyes fell on something bright lying on the floor of the carriage. I stooped and picked it up. It proved to be the little heart-shaped padlock I had noticed the night before on the poodle's collar. Like a flash a thought came to me; here might be the solution of the problem; at any rate I would put it to a test. No time must be lost, as we were just entering the station, and in a moment more the guard would open the carriage door.

Reaching across the seat with a quick motion, I drew the sleeping animal to my side. The woman sprang forward to prevent me, but she was too late: I had already torn the collar from the dog's neck and was holding it to the light that entered dimly through the window from the covered station.

"I breathed a sigh of relief; the inside of the collar contained a hollow groove, and in this groove securely fastened lay the missing necklace. I turned triumphantly to my companion. The door was open: she was gone.

"That morning as I entered Edith's parlor, the little poodle trotted contentedly by my side, and instead of the collar he wore the necklace. As for the woman, I never saw her again."

Taller rose, lighted another cigar, and turning to his companion continued:

"That is why I said when the dog came into my possession he was worth no less a sum than one thousand dollars. And now, in a tone of newly acquired importance, "come and see baby!"—Til-Bits.

At the Blackville Games.

Backer of the "Unknown"—Say, Mistah Judge, am dere any objections for my man to carry bout fibe pounds wid him in dissher race?

The Judge—Certly not, if yo's fool 'nough to low him to run dat way.



Backer of the "Unknown" (as his man leads down the stretch)—Fo' de lawd! I as known he'd do it. Dat's de way he got his trainin'.

All She Wanted to Tell Him

A Scotch woman was returning by train from a market town where she had made a few purchases. Just as the last bell rang, a fussy gentleman, elegantly dressed, and with a man-mind-thyself-looking face, rushed into the compartment, flung himself hastily into a corner, pulled out an evening paper and proceeded to devour its contents. Hardly had he become seated when the woman timidly addressed him—

"I'm vera sorry, sir, but—"

"I never listen to beggars," fiercely interrupted the gentleman. "If you annoy me further I'll report you."

Kirsty's eyes flashed, then twinkled; she said no more, and the choleric gentleman retired, with an angry frown, behind his paper.

All went merry as a dinner bell until the train arrived at Cromdale, when Kirsty stepping out, again addressed the churlish individual in the corner: "I carena, sir, whether ye report me or not, but I want that pun' o'

butter you have been sittin' on for the last sax mile."

Right, Go Up Head.

Whenever there was to be an examination at school little black Sammy generally had a sudden attack of illness. This time, however, his memory turned traitor, so he found himself an unwilling victim. The questions were unusually hard that day, and Sammy felt that he was doomed. His only hope was that the teacher would not call him up; but even this began to vanish, and when at last he heard his name Sammey arose with the air of a martyr.

"Now, Sammy," began the teacher, "I want you to tell me in which battle Lord Nelson was killed."

Sammy was in despair, but he must prove himself equal to the emergency. "Did you say Lord Nelson?" he asked, cautiously.

"Yes."

"Which battle?"

"Yes, in which battle was he killed?"

"Wal," said Sammy, with apparent surprise at such an easy question, "I specs it must be 'n his last."—Boston Budget.

His Part.

Tired William—I was not always this way, madam. Up to recently I was a member of the theatrical profession.

Lady of the house—What part did you take?

Tired William—I was understudy to the sleeping beauty.

A Gentleman

Who formerly resided in Connecticut, but who now resides in Honolulu, writes: "For 29 years past, my wife and I have used Ayer's Hair Vigor, and we attribute to it the dark hair which she and I now have, while hundreds of our acquaintances, ten or a dozen years younger than we, are either gray-headed, white, or bald. When asked how our hair has retained its color and fullness, we reply, 'By the use of Ayer's Hair Vigor—nothing else.'"

"In 1868, my affiance was nearly bald, and the hair kept falling out every day. I induced her to use

Ayer's Hair Vigor, and very soon, it not only checked any further loss of hair, but produced an entirely new growth, which has remained luxuriant and glossy to this day. I can recommend this preparation to all in need of a genuine hair-restorer. It is all that it is claimed to be."—Antonio Alarun, Bastrop, Tex.

It is safe to say that he will be the last to notice the difference in the same during the early notice of the same.

Years he has had a ball, but has not been able to get a good point in the game.

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August 26, 1893

TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT.

9

Cricket Notes.

VARSITY lawn seems productive of disappointments for those who go there expecting to see close matches. The match with Hamilton was another *flasco*, and was so completely one-sided as to be almost devoid of interest. Gillespie, who is one of the best all-round men in Canada, and Alexis Martin were absent, but that can hardly account for the extraordinarily small scores of the men from up west, the twenty wickets in the two innings only realizing a fraction over 5 runs each. Marshall, K. Martin, Fleet and Dean put up 40 out of 50 in the first innings, and in the second F. and D. Martin, Ferrie and McCarthy made 40 out of 55; on each occasion only two men reached doubles. It was a case of *tout est perdu pour l'honneur*. The bowling of Ferrie was the only redeeming feature in the Hamilton's play, his analysis reading 21 overs, 9 maidens, 35 runs, 6 wickets, a very good performance considering that a score of 148 was compiled by the Toronto bats, for whom W. Jones made 60 by some very fine cricket. Saunders, Terry, Fleurie and W. Cosby did good work for their side with the bat, while Wadsworth, who failed to score, signalized himself by doing some of the finest bowling done on 'Varsity lawn. This player has come to the front wonderfully this year, and a representative team from Ontario would not be complete without him; it augurs well for Canadian cricket when the Varsity and colleges turn out such promising players. His analysis in the two innings was 26 overs, 13 maidens, 35 runs, 10 wickets, a first-rate performance when it is remembered that he bowled unchanged throughout the first innings and through a great part of the second. T. McMaster did very well in the first innings, taking 6 wickets for 10 runs with his slows, which seemed to baffle the batsmen completely. The U. C. C. boy has changed his delivery somewhat and has adopted a style which ought to enable him to bowl all day, but it is extremely dubious whether he will be able to retain the same command over the leather.

The East Toronto men have every reason to congratulate themselves upon the success of their tour, during which they won five matches out of six, being beaten on the first day. They took the opposite direction from that chosen by the Parkdale men and went to give the shining light of their countenances to the Easterners, where they upheld the honor of Toronto cricketers in a way that did credit to them. They have but one voice in praise of the manner in which they were received and made welcome wherever they went, and tell some great stories of their experiences. The good derived from these tours cannot be exaggerated. The players learn to work together, many of them often show and develop good points in their play which neither themselves nor their comrades knew they possessed, and the fact that they have been comrades on a tour together draws them closer together, like those who have fought through a campaign. The *esprit de corps* of every club is greatly strengthened by these trips, which do a great work in propagating the game in outside clubs. It is rumored that several of the clubs which East Toronto met intend to pick an eleven and come to play the Orientals here. They would do well to play at least three matches, which could be very easily arranged with other clubs in the city, and they would profit immensely by it.

Nothing occurred in the Parkdale-Toronto match on the lawn Saturday afternoon worth mentioning, unless perhaps the peculiar green-gosling way in which some of the Parkdale men allowed Laing's slows to seduce them into swiping instead of retreating and cutting on the bounce. Laing shows increasing judgment in changing from gunshots to lobs. Turnbull of Parkdale, who bowls as fast as Laing, also occasionally bowls a slow one, but with a standing delivery which gives the batsman early notice of what is coming. He should use the same delivery throughout. For several years he has been devoting all his time to baseball, but has now settled down to cricket with the Gordon-McKay and Parkdale clubs and it is safe to predict that next year he will be one of the crack bowlers of the Dominion. Another point that came out is this, that Rev. F. W. Terry should be one of the first change bowlers put on in the international match. Laing and Wadsworth were set on Saturday, and it will be noticed in the score that it was Terry who bowled them both. He bowls a lightning round-arm, delivered low and continuing low, which on Saturday had an emphatic in-break of six inches, and so true that almost every ball would, unless played, knock down the outside stump of a right-hand batsman. It is unusual to find a round-arm bowler who finds the exact spot so invariably. If Mr. Terry is captain of the international team he should not let his modesty deter him from trying a few overs when the enemy are making a stand. If he finds he does not get wickets he is an early quitter. Laing and Wadsworth are a great pair when in together. They coach each other on every ball, the idle man telling the other exactly where the ball was pitched and how it was batted; the whole series of comments being remarkable for vigor, emphasis and sincerity. This mutual coaching has benefited both men.

It is time someone spoke out loud on a subject upon which all cricketers feel warmly. There are indications that the committee for selecting the international team are losing their heads again as they do almost every year, and that the international match will once more be only an experiment so far as Canada is concerned. The telegraph wire one morning brought across the continent the report of a game played in British Columbia, in which Sid Saunders and Mr. Campbell (cousin to Lord Lorne) each made centuries. Immediately the committee went stark, staring mad. They communicated with British Columbia at once, asking if the two men could come here and play in the international. Saunders we all know was in international form when here, and it may not have been amiss to spot him as a probable man. But who knows anything about Campbell further than that he made a century on this occasion (the possible softness of the snap not being enquired into) and that

he is a cousin to Lord Lorne? To come right down to the sharp point, who would have thought of inviting Campbell had he been described as a shipping clerk in a canning factory instead of a cousin to Lorne? It requires more than one good score under unknown circumstances to bring such distinction on a shipping clerk. I have nothing against the Lornes and admit the wisdom of choosing gentlemen in preference to "unwashed fellows," but at the same time nearly all cricketers will agree with me that the committee has cheapened itself and cheapened the international, and made the Dominion cheap by falling so quickly on its face to this Lorne and his one score. Davy Thompson of East Toronto made a century the other day and made 72 a couple of weeks before that again, yet I have not heard that the committee fell on his neck and kissed him. And Davy is a gentlemanly little fellow, too. Campbell, like Thompson, probably makes more ducks than centuries. If I am not mistaken, Saunders sends word that he could not accept a position on the team, but Campbell writes that he will come if a place is also given to a friend of his whom he describes as a good player. I have sounded the feeling of cricketers in town, and beg to inform the Association that the general opinion is that there is not enough evidence to show that Campbell and his friend are fit for places on the international eleven.

There has already been far too much of this rushing at conclusions—the committee should not be so easily stampeded. Those who attended the game here two years ago on Bloor street will remember the ridiculous exhibition of fielding and batting made by a grandly heralded player from Halifax. We were led to believe him a marvel before the game opened, but found that beyond being a thorough gentleman and looking the picture of a cricketer he had nothing to recommend him. He did not score or show the faintest symptoms of being a scorer. He did not field. Fly catches fell with impunity all around him, ground strokes took constant delight in dodging between his legs, and I firmly believe if a load of hay had been thrown at him he could not have caught a handful. Nothing much was said about it. The committee had been misled by the reports received, that was all. But such experiences should impart a lesson. The committee should not go upon rumor and reports. Choose men who are known. I believe it would not be difficult for the Association to get up an eleven to go to Halifax for a week in July of each year, where the Maritime Province men could be met and their capacity measured and compared with that of Ontario players. There are plenty of cricketers in this province who would gladly spare the time and spend the money necessary for such a trip, if they were given a chance. Let volunteers be called for by the Association next year, and unless a good team can be chosen from among those who respond let the idea be dropped. But unless the comparative play of the maritime men can in this way be gauged, the Association committee should not grope in the dark but should select the men whose capacity is known instead of selecting those who may be better but are generally much inferior.

Why not play a match Toronto vs. the Province if there is anything in the way of the Eastern vs. Western Ontario game? I find that all the prominent cricketers in Toronto whom I can run across are in favor of some such game, but they say talk is all it amounts to, as there is no one to take hold and arrange it. What is the mischief is the Ontario Cricket Association for? What is the Canadian Association for? What good are these bodies if they neglect such opportunities for looking after the interests of the game? While these associations exist, individual cricketers do not feel justified in taking action to arrange anything or agitate for anything, whereas if these bodies would own up that they are dead and buried we would know what to do. Cricket has taken a boom this year all over the province; there are more clubs in existence, more men playing the game and more matches being played than ever before. Next year we are promised a cricket weekly and this year more papers are devoting space to cricket news than ever before; it is, therefore, surely unbecoming that the Ontario and the Canadian Cricket Associations should lie side by side either dead or sound asleep all summer. Run the roller over them, somebody!

Laing made quite a bowling record the other day, taking six wickets, I think, in ten balls. This has raised the question of what is the greatest number of wickets taken in any match on successive balls by the same bowler. I have heard several arguing on this and by a strange coincidence an item appears in London *Tit-Bits* answering the very same question asked by an English cricketer. *Tit-Bits* says: In a match played at the Murlough Asylum, near Perth, on 28th June of this year, against the Dundee Royal Asylum, one of the players in the Murlough team took eight wickets with ten balls for no runs. In one over, with his last ball he took a wicket. Every ball (five) in the next over dismissed a batsman, while with the third and fourth balls of his next over he took two wickets, thus taking eight wickets in ten balls, six successively. Seven out of the eight were clean bowled, and one caught. Playing for Knowe Park vs. Dartmouth Park Second Eleven, on June 14, 1890, W. Park took seven wickets with seven consecutive balls. On two occasions six wickets have been taken by a bowler with successive balls in Australia. A. Elliott in an Adelphi Juniors' (South Australia) match, and Fotheringham, for Brooks and Co. vs. Collier and Co. (Victoria), performed this feat. H. Duke took six wickets with nine consecutive balls in a match between Odsey and Steeples Morden, May 30, 1892. J. Isted, in Teeting vs. Great Walham, also performed this feat.

The Canadian record was probably broken on Friday at Pickering, when the Markham Club retired the home eleven for the small total of 4 runs, two of which were extras. Wilson of Markham took 7 wickets for 1 run. It may be said that there was a slanting dish in the pitch, and Wilson (who steps slowly to the wicket, raises his arm almost imperceptibly and then with a sudden jerk sends down a swift overarm) dropped it on every time so that almost every ball broke and shot. Markham made 33, and Pickering in its second venture

scored 48. This left Markham to make 19 in its second innings to tie and 20 to win. The first four wickets yielded 15 of this number, Pickering fighting every inch of ground. Some of the best bats were yet to go in, but there followed a performance almost as remarkable as the retiring of Pickering for a total of 4, for the six wickets went down for 1 run and it an extra, Pickering thus winning by 3 runs. For the winners during the entire game Joe Clark took 11 wickets for 11 runs, and W. E. Dean, who went on at the opposite end, got 2 wickets for no runs. This game may have broken the Canadian record, and in various ways illustrated the glorious uncertainty of cricket, but the English record beats it, for a game was played in England this season in which an entire eleven were retired without scoring a run, not even an extra.

D. G.

A Glance at the Hand.

How is it that so many amateur palmists neglect the obvious indications of character revealed to the practiced eye in a glance at the back of the hand? This omission is the more inexplicable, as the pursuit of chiromancy may be carried on with vastly more care than the sister science of palmistry. Permission is not always accorded for liberty to inspect a hand and pronounce upon the virtues or shortcomings of its owner, but the outward aspect may be studied without attracting undue attention.

In a crowded railway carriage the time may be blamelessly, if not altogether usefully, employed by an analysis of the characters of our *vis-a-vis*, in cases where they are obliging enough to dispense with gloves.

Perhaps a few of the simplest methods of analyzing character may be given with advantage. If, when the hand is held open, the first and second fingers fall widest apart, the person possesses independence of thought; if, on the contrary, the third and fourth are widest apart, the person is noted for independence of action. Should both these signs be visible, there is great originality and self-reliance. Conventionality and fear of Mrs. Grundy are denoted in the opposite manner by the fingers leaning together, as if for support, and curling towards the palm.

The nails will be found to repay inspection. If short, rather wide than long—with the skin growing high up—they denote a quick temper, love of teasing, with a leaning towards criticism and contradiction. If the skin at the bottom is straight instead of curved, the person will be subject to fits of passionate anger. Very large nails, curved at the bottom, belong to an ideal business man, with a cool and careful head. Fluted nails are ominous signs of consumption. The much-coveted almond nails are indicative of sweet temper, unless rosy pink to the edge, in which case fits of irritation may be expected, of short duration, and quickly succeeded by sunshine.

By means of the thumb alone many deductions may be made: Thus, a thumb bending inwards shows avarice, especially if the fingers lean in the direction of the thumb; the contrary sign is a proof of generosity or even extravagance. A straight thumb is a desirable possession, indicating prudence and good sense; should it be set low down on the hand, the fortunate owner will be endowed with a considerable proportion of talent.

People with small thumbs are inclined to be sentimental and act chiefly from impulse: if the subject of your investigations be a woman, love will be the aim of her existence: she will be more sensitive than intellectual, and more fascinating to the average man than her stronger-minded sisters with the well developed thumbs.

For the comfort of the latter, it may be said that they are never coquettish, and if their love be more a matter of head, it is also more enduring.

Too long a thumb shows a tyrant and despot; if short, but thick at the top, we have before us an awkward customer, excessively obstinate and subject to extremes of joy or anger. Moral, avoid arguments with such a person! —*Tit-Bits*.

Circumstances Alter Cases.

Anxious Daughter—Mother, did papa have his salary increased when he was married?

Mother—No, my child.

Anxious Daughter—I don't suppose he had any money saved up, had he?

Mother—Not a penny; he spent all he earned.

Anxious Daughter—Did you get along comfortably?

Mother—We were very happy.

Anxious Daughter—Well, you know, George hasn't been able to save a penny, but—

Mother—See here, if that poverty-stricken fellow dares to show his face here again I'll get your father to throw him out!

A Wasteful Method.

Mr. Oaklot (to pile driver operator)—I'll bet ye a three months' calf that I'd pull up them there stumps in half the time ye can drive 'em down.

The Snap-Shot Era.

He—Will you give me your photograph?

She—I will exchange with you.

He (pressing a button in the head of his cane)—Ah, a thousand thanks!

She (pressing a button in the handle of her fan)—And I thank you ever so much!

A Gloomy Outlook.

Bingo—There's a big boy waiting for you outside the gate, Bobbie, and he is turning up his trowsers at the bottom. What does he do that for?

Bobble (merrily)—I guess he expects to walk in my grot.

She Caused It.

Spencer—And was it the fact that Charlie Gayboy and Mrs. Giddilwan came on the same boat which caused all the scandal?

Ferguson—No; it was the fact that Charlie's mother-in-law also happened to be on the boat.

Among Friends.

Willis—Brown says he has a horse for sale. Wallace—I don't doubt it. I sold him one the other day.

His Weak Point.

Father (impressively)—Listen, Rudolph. Thirty years ago your father hadn't a dollar. Now I own railroads, steamboats, banks, real

TO TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT.

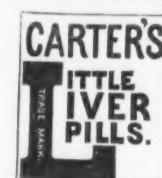
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Music.

THE resignation of Theodore Thomas as musical director of the Columbian Exposition has naturally occasioned considerable comment in the musical press of the neighboring republic. The contradictory nature of the various editorial opinions which have come under my notice would seem to indicate that the great conductor's recent experiences have not left him as entirely friendless as some would lead us to suppose. Many warm champions of Mr. Thomas have sprung up who resent the uncharitable attacks made upon him at a time when so much was at stake and when the eye of the entire musical world was fixed upon the enterprises undertaken by him in connection with the Exposition. Whatever may be the reputation Mr. Thomas had earned as an autocrat, or the character he seems unfortunately to have established for selfishness and jealousy, it cannot be denied that true patriotism would have suggested that during the period of the great Fair every possible help and encouragement should have been lent him. He, of all the great conductors resident in America, has been most intimately associated with the remarkable musical development of the United States and was justly entitled to the appointment at Chicago. The fact that many eminent critics consider several Eastern conductors to be his musical superiors, a matter about which there is as usual difference of opinion, should not have signified much at this time, for Mr. Thomas' long residence in America and experience with the American people eminently fitted him for the undertaking entrusted to him of exhibiting the musical resources of his adopted country.

Mr. Thomas' labors in Boston and New York have become matters of history. A thorough musician, combining with excellent executive ability high and artistic ideals, it is little wonder that phenomenal progress in music in these two Eastern cities should have resulted such as has influenced the entire country. It has been argued that Mr. Thomas found the country ripe for the reception of his musical doctrines, and that any other competent musician would have accomplished much and given half his life for the same grand opportunity. But this does not always follow. Many eminent men would have lacked the personal qualities which enabled Mr. Thomas to accomplish so much on virgin soil. On the other hand, many would-be musicians who might have been possessed of the self-assurance and energy necessary might have failed through lack of genuine ability and artistic musicianship such as Mr. Thomas has always exhibited to so high a degree. Mr. Thomas' resignation as director of the music at the World's Fair will not affect his engagement with the Chicago Symphony Orchestra, which resumes its work under his direction next October.

The honest success of Mr. Thomas, which even his enemies do not deny him, is in marked contrast to the boastful claims of many musical pioneers whose achievements remind one forcibly of the exploits of settlers on prairie land which simply required turning up in order to produce a rich harvest. Unlike Mr. Thomas, however, whose artistic success continues, although public taste and appreciation have materially advanced, these are forced to live on their past record when the character of the soil favored primitive methods of cultivating it. A higher state of cultivation now being demanded, their "work" of the past and their actual achievements of the cruel and more critical present furnish a sad and soul-stirring contrast.

Toronto has been favored during the present summer with several visits by prominent American musicians, all of whom expressed delight with the city as a summer resort. Several of these combined business with pleasure, among them Miss Horstens Hibbard of New York, who took advantage of her visit to study with Mr. H. M. Field during the summer normal term. This must be regarded as a high compliment to Mr. Field, as Miss Hibbard has previously studied under Reinecke and Richter, and subsequently under Liszt (contemporaneously with Friedheim and Reinecker) and more recently with Krause of Leipzig. Miss Hibbard has played with considerable success as a concert pianist in New York and Boston. Miss Adeline Hibbard, a sister of the young lady referred to, also spent several weeks in the city. Miss Adeline is a popular New York vocalist and has sung under the exclusive society Le Trompete of Paris, of which Gounod and St. Salus are members. Mr. Field with commendable enterprise has engaged Miss Hibbard to render several vocal selections at his approaching last recital.

Signor Vegara, maestro of the vocal art from Milan, Italy, has been engaged to take charge of vocal classes at the Toronto College of Music and at Loretto Abbey.

Mr. Edward Fisher, director of the Toronto Conservatory of Music, who recently visited England for the purpose of engaging an instructor in the theory of music and examiner in that department of the Conservatory work, has secured the services of Mr. J. Humphrey Anger, Mus. Bac., a graduate of Oxford University and an F.C.O., England. Mr. Anger is expected in Toronto for the beginning of next season's work at the Conservatory, which opens on September 4.

Other important additions to the staffs of our leading musical institutions have already been referred to in this column, the most prominent of which are the appointments of Mr. Arthur E. Fisher, Mus. Bac., as principal of the theoretical department of the College of Music, and Mr. W. O. Forsyth as piano instructor at the Conservatory.

Mr. J. D. A. Tripp, who is spending the summer at Rice Lake, visited the city on Monday

last and found awaiting him an invitation, dated July 28, from the Musical Bureau of the World's Fair, to give a piano forte recital at the Exposition at some convenient date. As Mr. Tripp's arrangements for the coming months had already been made he was forced to decline. This graceful compliment to Mr. Tripp's ability as a pianist, coming as it does from so high a source, furnishes further evidence of the stand which is now being taken by this city as a progressive center of musical activity in certain branches of study, and with the high regard entertained abroad for its solo artists.

One of the most interesting and enjoyable features of the British Military Tournament held during the early part of the week was the excellent band accompanying the troops. Although the character of the music rendered by them in connection with the military movements was not calculated to display their artistic and technical ability to the best advantage, there was something refreshing in the beautifully even quality of tone produced by them and the excellent intonation which was always present in their playing. The average bandmaster might have learned a valuable lesson in phrasing and accentuation even in the simple melodies and marches rendered by this organization on the occasion mentioned.

M. Guilmant, the great French organist, is expected to arrive in America in a few days, and gives his first recital in Chicago on August 31. Through the enterprise of Mr. T. G. Mason, of Mason & Risb, we are to hear this gifted musician on September 19 in the Metropolitan church. Mr. Mason informs me that Mr. Clarence Eddy of Chicago, the eminent American organist, will, in all probability, visit Toronto professionally during the coming season. These two events should be specially noted by all lovers of organ music.

The London *Musical News* of July 12 speaks in highly complimentary terms of the Toronto College of Music and its work. Mention is also made of the work of the Orchestral School, from which it is stated good results may be expected although it has as yet "mainly restricted itself to the performance of somewhat light and unambitious music." In speaking of the Philharmonic Society the *News* states that, "The list of works performed during the last twenty years is a very fair record, but the instrumental record is decidedly weaker: for it does not even include one complete symphony of Beethoven's." Toronto is spoken of as the "foremost town of the Dominion" (a statement which is somewhat flattering) and a high tribute is paid Mr. F. H. Torrington for the enterprise and thought which he has brought to bear upon work with which he has been associated since his arrival in Toronto.

Miss Norah Ciench, the talented Canadian violinist, has returned to her native land and is visiting friends in Hamilton. Miss Ciench will shortly be heard in concert work in this city.

MODERATO.

Belleville and **M**assassaga Park.

Owing to a few weeks' absence from the city on a holiday tour, I am rather behind with my news, but now since I have again buckled down to work I hope to keep abreast with the society news of the day.

During my absence Mrs. Harry Corby gave a delightful dancing party at Massassaga Park. Mr. Corby's steam yacht, Omata, took the jolly party down at half-past eight. Prof. Rigg's orchestra supplied the music for the dancing at the Park. A very substantial and toothsome supper was served at twelve, after which the party returned to the city. The grounds and hotels were brilliantly illuminated for the occasion, and altogether it was the most pleasant party given at the Park this season. Mrs. Corby was assisted by her daughters, Miss and Miss Helen Corby. Among the invited guests were: Miss Hamilton, Miss Carman, Miss McKenzie of Toronto, Miss Walker, Miss Stinson, Miss Kelso, Miss Bone, Miss Davey, Miss Thomas, Miss Foster, Miss Lingham, Miss May Lingham, the Misses Elliott, Miss Annie Wallbridge, Miss Clarke, Miss Milburn, Miss Newberry, Miss Clute, Miss Burlette, Miss Thomson, Miss Vennor of Kingston, Miss Dickson of Kingston, Miss Wragge, Miss Ethel Robertson, Miss Sadie Hungerford and Messrs. Elliott of Chicago, Dickson of Kingston, Luce, Moore, Cutler, Moore, Harold Armstrong, Roberts, Brown, Huime, Herbert Huime, Starling, Thomas, Ballou of New York, Biggar, Dupuis, Terrill, Butler, Morden, Cline, Thomson, John Thomson, and Mathieson.

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Social and Personal.*Continued from Page Two.*

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there. The Misses Richardson are of Quebec, and intend spending a week or so in Toronto, where they will be the guests of Mrs. (Dr.) Wishart of St. Vincent street.

The Rev. Mr. Revelle and bride (*nee* Miss Woolsey) have reached their home in Monticello, Me. Mr. Revelle's congregation gave him and his bride a right royal reception.

Miss May Hughes is spending a delightful time at Hartford Furnace, Baltimore.

Mr. and Mrs. James Haverson are home from Peninsular Park.

Mr. and Mrs. John Gilmore, Sacramento, Cal., who have been doing the World's Fair, are now in the city renewing old acquaintances of forty years ago, they having been absent from Toronto nearly that long.

Miss Edith L. Dixon of 105 Spadina road has gone for a holiday visit to her grandfather, in London, Ont.

Misses Maggie and Bella Case of Seaforth are spending a couple of weeks with Mrs. John Aldred, 463 Dovercourt road.

The marriage of Miss Ethel Jones, daughter of the late Owen Jones, and Mr. Corry Wood of Vancouver, B.C., will take place on Wednesday, Sept. 6, at the Church of the Redeemer.

Mrs. and the Misses Smart of Jarvis street are spending some time at the Penetanguishene Hotel.

Dr. Allen Baines of Simcoe street was the guest of Mrs. (Dr.) Temple at DeGrassi Point last Saturday.

Mr. H. L. Hees of St. George street has returned to town.

Mr. C. Cliffe, editor of the Brandon Mail, accompanied by Mrs. Cliffe, arrived in town on Tuesday, and will spend two or three days.

Mr. Fred Wyld has returned from a month's sojourn at the Canadian seaside. He visited Nova Scotia and Cape Breton.

Rev. Dr. Burton left on Wednesday on a trip to Nova Scotia.

Lieut.-Colonel Fred C. Denison has returned from Bisley.

Miss Jessie M. Fisher of O'Hara avenue has returned from a most enjoyable visit with friends in Hamilton. Misses Lillie M. and Lotte are enjoying their vacation with friends in Oshawa and Whitby.

A legal friend writes to me as follows: "One day last week I happened to be spending a few hours at Niagara Falls, Canada side, and observing that the Royal Grenadiers' band of Toronto was playing the Star Spangled Banner and other American national airs in front of the hotel where I was staying, I enquired and found out that Governor Foster and party of Louisiana were making a short stay on the Canadian side, and on looking over the hotel register I found amongst the rest the name of a Toronto acquaintance, who gave me the following particulars: Governor Foster and family, on their way to the World's Fair, had come in the Governor's private car to spend a couple of weeks at Humberstone Club, Lake Erie, and that Mr. John Barkley of New Orleans, one of the members, had made up a party to visit the Falls in the Governor's car. Amongst those present were: Governor and Mrs. Foster of Baton Rouge, Mr. and Mrs. John Barkley and Mrs. Woods of New Orleans, Mrs. Wm. Gaerig of Baton Rouge, Mr. and Mrs. W. T. Falls of Memphis, Tenn., Mrs. H. S. Mara of Toronto. The Governor expressed his appreciation of the act of international courtesy on the part of the Grenadiers' band, and I understand has expressed his desire to become a member of the Humberstone Club and build a summer home for himself and family."

The Aquatic Association of Center Island held last Saturday a most successful afternoon of aquatic sports. In the evening the annual dance concluded the day's amusements and was attended by a large number, both from town and from the Island. Afternoon and Island costume was *de rigueur*, and a merry time was spent.

Mr. and Mrs. J. Herbert Mason have entertained a large number of friends at Chief's Island, their Muskoka home, this summer.

Mr. and Mrs. Janes have entertained several distinguished visitors at Benvenuto during the summer.

The officers of the Q.O.R. have reason to congratulate themselves on the success of the English military tournament. The English officers were entertained at luncheon on the Cruiser on Wednesday.

The little bird says: That it was pretty to hear our Lady of Government. House assure Captain Gordon she was a Canadian. That Mrs. Boyce Thompson and her golden-haired little son made a pretty group on the paddo-k. That the crowd outside the gates was the hottest, the closest and the most good-natured ever known. That an inebriated old gentleman in kilts was recommended by a maiden lady to go home and put trowsers on and behave himself. That the Zulus died delightfully. That an old lady was glad to see the netting stretched to protect the audience from the bullets. That a "widder" lost veil, bonnet and bangs in the jam at the gate. That several well known city swells entered the grounds collarless and in their shirt sleeves. That a too talkative party was asked to keep his mouth shut, thereby making more room for the crowd. That a woman and two children got seven transfers apiece on one red ticket between five and six thirty on Wednesday.

I was lately privileged to admire an exquisite piece of work done by Mr. William Revell of Ontario street, it bains: an address on illuminated boards, and richly bound in book form in maroon and gold by Brown Bros. Mr. Revell's

dainty and intricate workmanship can only be fully appreciated by one who has tried and realized the difficulty of the art of illuminating. The address is beautifully worded and is a great credit to its composers. It is intended as a farewell tribute from Bond street congregation to Rev. Joseph Wild.

So far this season at Port Sandfield has been particularly successful, its reputation for harmless gaiety being in nowise on the wane. The eighth annual regatta which took place on Wednesday and Thursday of last week proved the best on record of the Muskoka district.

The managing committee showed considerable judgment, both in its arrangement of the events and its selection of prizes therefor, and the contestants and audience seemed equally well satisfied with the entire affair.

The following gentlemen comprised the committee: Messrs. Frank J. Phillips, Walter Read, Robt. Hodge, A. W. Ballantyne, Owen A. Smily, Biggar, Ed. Cox and George Carruthers. Wednesday's events were entirely muscular in character, viz., sculling and canoeing contests and swimming races. On Thursday sailing races were the chief events, the greatest interest centering round the yacht race for the Port Sandfield silver challenge cup and pennant. The general opinion was that Mr. Millichamp, who carried off the prize last year, would again prove victorious, but in sailing under the swing-bridge to the starting point Mr. Millichamp miscalculated the length of his mast with the result that the timber, catching under the bridge, snapped off, thus giving the race to Mr. F. Warren, who, however, very gallantly offered to postpone the race. On Wednesday evening a very successful concert took place in the ball-room under the direction of Mr. Owen A. Smily, in addition to whom the following artistes took part: Miss Bessie Clark, Miss Nellie Gordon, Mr. Walter Read, Master Mousie Fletcher, the Port Sandfield Quartette, Messrs. Fletcher, Moore, May and Bickford, and the Misses Morrison. The annual hop, which took place after the distribution of prizes on Thursday night, was largely attended, the floor being in perfect condition, and the dancing kept up till a late, or rather early, hour. Following are the regatta events and their winners:

1. Double scull, gentlemen, Capt. Laurie and Mr. Morton.
2. Double scull, ladies, Misses Cox and Bureau; Misses Bessie Clark and Hattie Craig second.
3. Double canoe, gentlemen, Messrs. Jones and McMurdoch.
4. Double canoe, lady and gentleman, Mr. R. Hayter and Miss Theo. Watson.
5. Single scull, lady, Miss Langton.
6. Single scull, Mr. Harry May.
7. Double scull, boys under 14, Masters Campbell and Carruthers.
8. Gentlemen's swimming race, Mr. O. L. Bickford.
9. Boys' swimming race, Master Wyatt.
10. Girls' swimming race, Misses Lee.
11. Sailing canoe, Mr. Harry Lee.
12. Greasy pole, Master Moleodon.
13. Tub race, Master Dobson.
14. Blindfold swimming race, Mr. W. B. Lillie.

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200 Soldiers. 100 Horses.

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Admission 25 cents. Grand Stand 50 cents. Reserved Seats 75 cents. Promenade \$1. Gates open Friday morning at Messrs. Suckling & Sons, Yonge street. Special excursions on all railroads and steamboats entering Toronto.

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CLUB'S 12th ANNUAL

3 P.M. AT ROSEDALE

Under the patronage of Lieutenant-Governor and Mrs. Kirkpatrick.

The 13th BATTALION BAND will be in attendance.

IN THE EVENING AT THE PAVILION

The 13th BATTALION BAND

WILL GIVE A GRAND

PROMENADE CONCERT

Complete Programmes of New Selections and Solos.

Do not miss hearing this great band.

Stratford

Miss F. Larkworthy is visiting in Toronto. Mr. John Hay of Portland, Oregon, is in the city, the guest of Mrs. McKie-Wilson.

Mr. W. Mowat, Mr. A. C. Mowat and Miss Jean Mowat are spending a vacation in Toronto.

W. J. Elliott of the Central Business College, Toronto, spent a few days in the city.

Mr. A. A. Matthews, the wealthy leather magnate of Sarnia, is in the city.

Assistant P. O. Inspector Malony is at the Chicago Fair.

Mr. D. G. Baxter spent a few days last week in Toronto, where he has some large buildings.

Mr. Kilvert of the Bank of Montreal is visiting his parents in Hamilton.

Mrs. A. McLennan and daughter, of Owen Sound, are in the city.

Miss Dunsmore is visiting in Clinton.

Miss Kelly of Acton is the guest of Mrs. Jas. Kennedy of Brunswick avenue.

Mrs. (Dr.) J. P. Rankin has returned home from a very pleasant trip to Toronto.

Sir Hugh Campbell, leader of the North Perth Conservative party, leaves shortly for Chicago Fair.

QUILL DRIVER.

Orillia.

A most charming picnic was given on Wednesday, August 9, by Mr. Pellatt of Southwood Hall, Orillia, and Mr. Wade of Orillia, to Horse-Shoe Island in Lake Couchiching. The triple combination of pleasant people, perfect arrangements for the enjoyment and glorious weather, made the day one long to be remembered by those present. The event of the day was the christening of Mr. Pellatt's new steam yacht. Mrs. Pellatt performed the ceremony, and the yacht was given her pretty name, Lorna Doon, amidst rousing cheers. Among those present were: Mr. and Mrs. Pellatt, Mr. and Mrs. Wade, the Misses Wade, Miss Pellatt, Mrs. R. B. Hamilton, Miss Hamilton, Miss Murphy of Port Hope, the Misses Beeton, Miss Laidlaw, Mrs. Waters, the Misses Elliott of New Orleans, Mrs. and Miss Ardagh, Mrs. Muir, Miss Polsette, Mrs. Charles Fitton, Miss McCosh, Miss Ramsay, Mrs. Harvey, the Misses Grange, Mrs. and the Misses Moore, the Misses Greene of Toronto, Miss Wharin, Miss Thompson, Miss Mulcahy, Miss Robinson, and Messrs. Pellatt, Wade, Grant, Scott, Ambrose, Lee, Muir, Darby, Strathy, Beeton, Robinson, Greene, Cronyn, Tucker and Drs. A. E. and A. R. Ardagh.

A.

